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DISCORDER

ISSUE 230 • JUNE 2002 • THAT MAGAZINE FROM CTR 101.9FM

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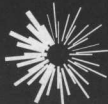
That's Jonny O from STREETS in the bow, STREETS on a street on the right, and possibly the friendly but creepy Keegan Sauder with the indy grab on the left, but we're not sure. It might not even be an indy. Lori and Dan, the crazy photographers, flipped all sorts of shit around.

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SONAR

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Events at a glance:

SUNDAY JUNE 2

Sunday Sessions presents:

SUV [RONI SIZE REPAZENT/FULL CYCLE/ REC/TALKIN' LOUD - Bristol, UK]

The pioneer, chartered for pushing the boundaries of drum'n'bass - Bristol in full effect. Plus residents Wood, Silence and Link. Doors 9:00pm/\$12.00 Door only

TUESDAY JUNE 4

TIMO MAAS [KINETIC] - 'LOUD' World Tour @ TACTICAL

Here to celebrate the release of his debut cd on Kinetic Records, featuring 14 original cuts by the man himself. Also featuring David Gauxa (Amnesia Ibiza) alongside Tactical resident, DJ Yosef. Win a pair of tickets to Ibiza, Spain - giveaways for the first 300 contestants so arrive early!!
Doors 9:00pm/\$15.00 Advance tickets @ Sonar, Bassix, Boomtown, Futuristic Flavour, and Zulu Records.

THURSDAY JUNE 6

BOOMTOWN RECORDS - 3 YEAR & WEBSITE LAUNCH PARTY

All the Boomtown staff DJs will be on the decks: Kris Paleesh, Crankenstein, Wood, Sodapop, Chris Viner, Gary Peil & Ekam. There will be lots of free giveaways (stickers, t-shirts, etc.) and no cover charge.
Doors 9:00pm/No Cover

SATURDAY JUNE 8

LADY ALMA [OVUM RECORDINGS / TALKIN' LOUD - PHILLY] @ INSIDE

The voice behind "Last Night a DJ Saved My Life" on King Britt's legendary LP - "When the Funk Hits the Fan" ('98) joins Dickey Doo, Todd Omotani and hostess Cotton. www.ladyalma.com. Doors 9pm/Cover \$12.00

WEDNESDAY JUNE 12

OFFICIAL BOYS TO MEN ALBUM RELEASE PARTY & DJ PUMP @ GRANDE

Check the group's brand new album, "Full Circle" and don't miss the chance to win it...not to mention some exclusive prize packages. DJs GMAN, Wax, Physik and Pump with the Hip Hop, the R&B, the Reggae, and the Old School. NEW SUMMER HOURS ON WEDNESDAYS - Doors open @ 8:00PM/Cover \$7.00

THURSDAY JUNE 13

LEE COOMBS [FINGER LICKIN' RECORDS - LONDON, UK] @ LIME

Cutting across acid house and tribal breaks, the DJ/producer who released the faultless album "Future Sound of Retro" debuts at LIME with Czech and Grooveroller. Doors 9:00pm/Tickets available @ Ra-House (tri Cities), Futuristic Flavour, Obstruction, Hypnotic Records

THURSDAY JUNE 20

ELECTRO DIVAS: Featuring

SONICJOY, ZENOBIA SALIK & UNITED ASIAN UNDERGROUND

A provocative blend of musical styles embracing diversity and community. Generate The Listening Series presents Session One for Canadian artists operating on the edge of the future. Doors 9:00pm/\$12.00
*Partial proceeds to support local community project

THURSDAY JUNE 27

RICH MEDINA [SONY]

The soulman (who has remixed the likes of Jill Scott) returns to shake it down. Be sure to check this DJ/producer/poet whose sets range from downtempo to jazz influenced beats to afro to funk to latin, feel-good house and beyond...This man knows no boundaries. <http://www.recordingdom.com/richmedina/>
Doors 9pm/Cover TBA

SUNDAY JUNE 30

ANDY B. @ SUNDAY SESSIONS

The return of the first drum'n'bass dj/producer who made his mark out of our very own city. The backbone behind legendary nights including his own Sunday version "Airtight" and "Presha" Thursdays here at Sonar. The master comes to shake the speakers once again.
Doors 8:30/Cover TBA

coming soon...

MON JULY 8 THE METALHEADZ TOUR: GOLDIE / DOC SCOTT

MON JULY 22 DANNY HOWELLS [MINISTRY OF SOUND]

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Wednesday, June 19
Thursday, June 20
Friday, June 21
Saturday, June 22
Wednesday, June 28
Thursday, June 27
Friday, June 28
Saturday, June 29

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The Metalunas
John Gulak and The Lougan Brothers
Steve Dawson and Elliot Pelsky
Rhythm Roundup
Resin with Guests
The Broken Crow Quartet
Steve Dawson and Elliot Pelsky
The Travelling Troubadours
JP Carter Trio
Amy Honey and the Top Bums with Guests
Jack Harlan / Kevin Kane
The Parlour Steps with Guests
Marianne Grittani
Belinda Bruce / The Beginners
Al Tuck / Dave Gowans
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radio free press

zines, etc. by Bleek

RADIO FREE PRESS PRESENTS THE BEST ZINE IN VANCOUVER!

Hey there. Welcome again to *Radio Free Press*. Yeah, I know I amped out on you last time but I hope you can understand the intricacies of losing one's mind. I mean I was hanging out the window screaming "I'm mad as hell and I'm not gonna take it anymore!" Nice, eh? Well, eventually "they" came and took me away, pumped me with medication, sent behaviour specialists and a couple of priests (I'm not even Catholic and boy does my ass hurt). At one point I was coughing green vomit at some guy with a big cross. Everything is cool now, no sweat. The source of negative energy has been isolated and destroyed. You see it seems that I fell into the hideous trap of empathy and concern for fellow human beings. I know it sounds ridiculous, especially in this modern world, but wow, was I bothered. Things have greatly improved now that I hate everybody again. Thanks.

Waiting for you slackers to finally get some zines to me gave me too much room to rant.

Now that I've got a good stack of reading material we can get back to business. We'll start with *NIGNE #5* which is free around the city in selected places where hipsters buy their music, literature, and coffee. This issue finishes the interview with Velma from *Scummy Doo*, who goes into the tragic events surrounding Shaggy's murder. The comical "Reflections of a Gangsta" speaks to me. A lot of the issue revolves around the topic of drugs, but not by throwing sly winks or moral condemnation, just thoughtful observations. I disagree with the prevailing belief that antidepressants are the prophesied "Soma" and that they "alter a person's attitude." It's a common concern (it shows up in two out of three zines alongside "what is really punk" articles) but it's bullshit. Anti-depressants are not uppers. They just relieve a sort of... uh... *pain*, allowing sick people to be as productive as any CEO or revolutionary. Just like treating asthma helps someone breathe

normally. *That's all.* Best zine in Vancouver.
(worldwan284@yahoo.com)

Where the hell was I Oh yeah... Brad Yung just released the new *STAY AS YOU ARE #8*. You know what to expect: a couple of roommates bouncing ideas, criticism, philosophy and angst around. Brad has that uncanny ability to transfer the absolute mundane into a clever look at societal futility and (add redundant superlative here). All this is meant to say I like this zine and from what I hear many of you kids like it too. Check out the website at www.stayasyouare.com. Best zine in Vancouver.

Keeping with the Vancouver scene and vivid local themes, Daniel Rajala sent in his newest compendium of poetry incorporating our fine landscape. Daniel has always written with a certain delicate pace, taking in day-to-day experiences, beautiful and negative sites and translating them into thoughtful verse. The zine, called *PURPLE*, should be available in the regular indie magazine shops or you can write to streaker@cn.bc.ca. Best zine in Vancouver.

fucking bullshit

bullshit by Christa Min

By the time you read this, my new website should be up and running. The website address is www.christamin.com. It is the most amazing website on the world wide web.

First, you should go to the photo section. There are about a hundred photos in the gallery,

of me rollerblading down Robson Street in a bikini (perfect tits and ass, you'll see) and wrap-around sunglasses, talking on my cell phone that really just tops the rest. I look at that photo and think, "Wow, that is the essence of life caught on film." It's really life

things. (Stores, you had better stock up on Promise Ring records, *Pretty Woman* DVDs, Brad Pitt cutouts, marshmallows, and anything that's purple because there is going to be FRENZY!)

The most special section of christamin.com is a personal

www.christamin.com

and I'm in all of them. I'm not exactly sure who took the photos because people are always taking pictures of me. (If you're part of the Christa Min paparazzi, and you want credit for your little photo, email me at christamin@christamin.com, and I'll post a credit. If you happen to be in the background in one of the photos of me, go ahead and show all your friends. I won't mind.)

Most of the photos are candid because I'm not much of a poser. I'm very photogenic, so it doesn't bother me when people take my picture. Most of the photos look the same. I look equally hot in each shot

affirming. After you see that photo, you might as well just shut down your computer and get out there and go rollerblading in the wind and call up your lover on your cell, too. But if you have a sore ankle or a fat ass, keep browsing. My other favourite picture is the one of me in a tanning booth. I look so happy and warm. Okay, okay, HOT.

Also at christamin.com, there is a list of my favourite things—my favourite bands, movies, actors, foods, and colours. You can read that section and see how much we have in common, or you can take my lead and let me introduce you to some great new

journal that I update every hour. I tell you all about my feelings and my personal struggles. I know what you're thinking. You've been to these personal websites before, and they are all the same. Well, once you see mine, you'll see that I am *special* and *different*. My feelings are completely unique and I know that complete strangers will sincerely care about my opinions.

Visit my website, that's www.christamin.com, and send all your comments to christamin@christamin.com. I probably won't respond because I'll be too busy, but it's always nice to know how much you love me. •

The other two zines that are all too aware of their surroundings are *LET IT BE KNOWN #3*

and *ASSHOLES, POLITICIANS, ECONOMISTS AND COPS (APEC)*. Both publications are deeply political. *Let It Be Known* powerfully criticizes patriarchy in all its horrid forms and exposes the devil in the details. APEC spouts "a billion reasons to oppose 'globalization' and the political and economic systems behind it." Yeah,

www.lao.ca/~letitbeknown. Best zine in Vancouver.

Robin Bougie has recently spewed out another emission of *CINEMA SEWER*, displaying a hot hot hot cover from his spouse Rebecca. Having milked the porno dry, CS #9 delves into other on-screen phenomena, such as a fascinatingly creepy exposé on a brave souls who have killed themselves on live TV. Not everything in this zine is as feel-good as that

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though, although there is a great section on "Favourite War Movies Ever Made." Intentions get blurred as enthusiasm for film gets mixed with compiled lists of shitty movies, but that's exactly what makes *Cinema Sewer* so god-damn fun. Ed Brisson (local indie cartoonist) contributes his interview with Barry Gillis, maker of the (reportedly) exceedingly nauseating movie *Things*, reviewed here as well by Ben Sheehy. Check out the interview with Jack Hill (exploitation, afros, vendettas, boobies, weapons, etc.). Best zine in Vancouver. (\$4, #320-440 East



no small task but in a zine this size you can get a lot accomplished. There are 78 pages of condensed anger and knowledge inside. More info at

www.christamin.com. (\$4, #320-440 East

There are more small press items out there and I apologize for the under-coverage of chapbooks and other poetry type things. I'm just not the right guy for that job. And God Damn you fuckers for not sending me news about zine fairs and small press events, I hope you. Send complaints to speckfanzine@yahoo.com. Have a good day! •

strut & fret

performance/art by Penelope Mulligan



SCHOOL FOR THE CONTEMPORARY ARTS Juliette

Friday, May 3
EDAM Studio
Among the Marquis de Sade's voluptuous outpourings were two companion novels, *Justine, or, the Misfortunes of Virtue* and *Story of Juliette*. The latter might well have been subtitled "The Rewards of Vice," since its eponymous innocent quickly jettisons virtue when she learns not only that it can get you chewed up and spit out, but also how far one can go with its opposite.

Directed and choreographed by Barbara Bourget and written by Elizabeth Dancoes, Juliette the theatre piece is closely based on characters and events in Sade's novel, but from the outset, gave me the feeling that it was stealing power from under the Marquis' nose. Always subject rather than object, our protagonist analyzed and interpreted her experiences in ways both impressionistic and acute. This really was Juliette's story and we clung to her like hooks on

her bustier.

It's interesting to compare this take on a life of debauchery with Modern Baroque Opera's recent *101 Songs for the Marquis de Sade*. Besides being told from a female perspective, Juliette also addressed the psychological to an intriguing degree, while retaining a constant link to the social and historical context of the French revolution against which it was set. It was as much about the evolution of a worldview as it was biography. A lot of the credit here goes to playwright Dancoes. Consider this early admonition from one of Juliette's tutors: "You must learn to love your pain. It will make you immune to those who would hurt you."

Or!

Framed only by black drapes and without a scrap of set to speak of except for a chaise longue, the production created an atmosphere thick with danger and lust. Jeff Harrison's lighting had a dark gold bordello hue which, in the intimate EDAM Studio, seemed to wash over the audience as well.

The cast of nine was already standing, motionless onstage as we took our seats, and their rather prudish-looking street clothes hinted somehow at the prurience to come. As the story progressed, the performers shed ever more layers of clothing to reveal hardcore lingerie in myriad styles and colours. Yet with few exceptions, there was nothing burlesque about these disrobing. We were watching the methodical stripping away of protection and innocence. All of the performers committed fully to the voluptuous cruelty of the text and seemed very much at home with Bourget's strenuously provocative choreography.

Similar in structure to Sade's novel, the play unfolded in five "interludes" bookended by an introduction and an epilogue. Though the entire cast was always onstage, characters would zoom into

focus, then recede into ambience. Only Juliette was in the headlights almost constantly and Andrea Donaldson filled the massive role with ease. In snowy white underthings, she radiated the disarming freshness of someone discovering exactly what she must do to survive and prosper.

Although we were led to assume that Juliette's pain-

Ferrone, Miranda Huba and Maria-Christina James were wonderfully bold. But the one who came flying out of leftfield was Gillian Eugene as LaDurand—a kind of super-madam whose voracious appetite for pleasure was matched only by her lust for power and unusually long clitoris (no, we didn't see it). Eugene gave an unforgettable

amid the general craziness, anything seems possible—and Graham Porter was compelling as an increasingly dishevelled Parisian who would stagger in to comment on the carnage. Eventually, he took the role of lewd MC, reminding us that in a world of crumbling ideologies and shifting allegiances, vice and debauchery are among the few things that remain dependable. Still in stockings and suspenders, he'd nip over to the keyboard and bang out an ominous, melancholy soundtrack. Musically and dramatically, this worked very well and I wished that his fellow onstage musicians (Stewart Brinton and Stefan Smolovitz) could have been more closely connected to the action.

Bourget created Juliette for her Master of Fine Arts Project, and it's actually the third part of a Sade trilogy. Unlike the first two installments, which were dance works performed by Kokoro, this is a text-based piece mounted on theatre students from SFU's School of the Contemporary Arts. The result was physical theatre so strong and stunning that it felt ready for a professional staging.

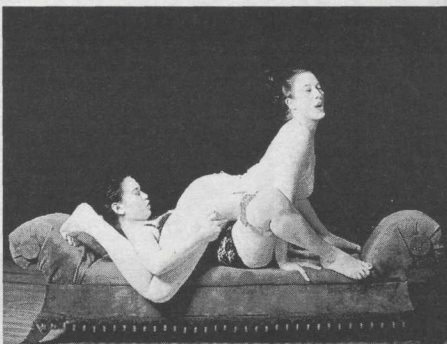


PHOTO BY CLANCY DENNEHY

inflicting clients were men, her lovers and instructors in the lucrative arts of prostitution and power were women—and in these roles, Toni-Marie

performance that was part rapper and part madwoman.

War and other upheavals are always a great backdrop for decadence—partly because

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comics and graphic art by Robin

PROMETHEA

Alan Moore and JH Williams (ABC Comics)

I think at this point it should be fairly obvious to you that I'm a comic geek. So it should come as no surprise that my friends and I have spent countless hours debating over who "the best artist" and "the best writer" is. It's always been impossible for me to name a favourite artist, but as far as writers go, no problem: Alan Moore, hands down. He is a god. After doing *The Watchmen*, Mr. Moore appeared in the comics world sporadically, until 1999. Finishing up on *From Hell*, it was the year ABC Comics arrived. That year you couldn't escape Moore, but to be honest, who would want to? Here was a man telling a million different stories from a million different perspectives. It was fresh and exciting.

First up, *League of Extraordinary Gentlemen*, a story about fictional characters—Mina Murray from *Dracula*, The Invisible Man from the HG Wells book of the same name, and Capt. Nemo from 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea, to name a few—banding together to save the British Empire. The art was like the etchings in the old adventure tales I found in my Dad's

boys' magazines. But wait, there was more: *Top Ten*, the story of a police precinct on a planet of superheroes. It was told with pathos and realism, but most of all with humour. The art was complex and full of little surprises in tribute to comic superheroes of years past. There was *Tom Strong*, a throwback to superheroes of the pulp fiction era. There was also *Tomorrow Stories*, a comic that has a superhero for goofs, kids, ladies, and loners. But the stand out of the bunch would have to be *Promethea*, a monthly series illustrated and inked by JH Williams and Mick Grey.

Promethea starts in a familiar extreme future world, with floating cars and blazing neon. Sophie Bangs is doing a paper on "Promethea," a fictional character that seemed to be eternally appearing in various forms of literature. She goes to investigate why the character keeps popping up in poems, pulps, cartoons, comics, and newspaper strips for centuries. Sophie quickly discovers that

whoever channels the muse of Promethea either becomes her or projects her onto their loved ones. Within two pages she



finds herself embroiled in forces she can have control over if she becomes Promethea. It's a weird and fascinating story with immediate intensity as Sophie's forced to act and react in a body she doesn't know, wielding a power beyond her comprehension. Each issue is exploratory: whether learning about the other Prometheas or the world Promethea inhabits,

your grey cells get fattened. It's rich in character and landscapes. The stories are also replete with symbolism. Every little thing means something and you'll find yourself learning without noticing it. "Humans are amphibious. That means they live in two worlds at once. Matter and mind." Really? "The four horsemen symbolize what life on earth is already like. They show us why we need an apocalypse." You know, that makes sense. It's utterly incredible. As well, the character Sophie is instantly likeable. And even though she has a part of her life where she's a superhero goddess, she still worries about university and her small breasts. She maintains her regular identity because that's who she is. She's easy to relate to. There are also some extraneous things I like about ABC Comics. All the ads are at

the end of the comic. No interruptions in the middle of crucial story lines! Moore is a writer in every sense of the word: he cares about the reader's reading experience and I respect him so much more for it. There is also a sense of humour about the book—dark and scary but realistic. The characters are honest with each other. And I really enjoy all the other Prometheas. One's a turn of the century Xena, another a transsexual sex kitten. There is also a Lil' Orphan Promethea and a harem dancer/slave. It's a series that is never boring. Currently the story line finds Sophie following the last Promethea through death and the universe as she tries to find her husband. It's a bizarre quest for knowledge and each universe they encounter requires some figuring out. And guess what? You're still learning.

Tantra and the Kaballah, magic and Masons—it's hard not to. She encourages Aleister Crowley and the Baron Munchausen. It's quite all-encompassing.

So many comics these days only have one thing going for it. It's one of the reasons I only buy *Tom Strong* if I like the artist. But *Promethea*'s art team will knock your socks off. Not to mention they are still the same team

that started it. There are 20 issues now and each one is a work of art. JH Williams penciled it and Mick Grey inked it. Normally I wouldn't bother mentioning the inker but never before it has been more apparent how much the inker does than in *Promethea*. It becomes an interesting play between positive and negative space. JH Williams has this semi-realistic style that really flows and lends itself to Grey's inking. Their taste in art is scrumptious—a Monet tribute, a Charles Vess guest appearance, a letterbox edition, a charming Windsor McKay, initiation—just gorgeous, all of it. The colours are also fantastic and spectacular. Some of the last few issues have appeared entirely in gold, blue, and red colour. It's almost mind-boggling. I've not seen anything like it. Collages of images and larger-than-life blooming colours. Even the page layout is different. Angles and Moebius strips; it can be confusing, but somehow Moore manages to make the dialogue interchangeable. He just feeds you more knowledge and re-reading it just fills in the holes. They also design a series of borders incorporating some of the objects found in the story line: Aztec shapes, crawling vines, stained glass, all adding to and completing the art. It's nothing but imaginative.

The greatest thing about *Promethea* is that it exudes and drenches you in imagination. It's how Moore sucks you in. I assure you, you'll never look at comics the same way again. *



vancover special

local reviews by Janis McKenzie

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Shot Spots: Trooper Tribrute (Visionary)

Thirty Trooper covers by thirty loud bands! The prospect is simultaneously insane, intriguing, and a little scary. Looking at the back of the CD and seeing bands like SNFU, DOA, Facepuller, and the Dayglo Abortions listed, you might even decide you don't need to listen because you already know what you'll get a succession of high-speed piss-takes that might be a little hard to take for such a sustained period of time. But even though you'll hear some of the obvious and thuggish moments you might expect from punk bands taking on classic rock, there are also plenty of unexpected elements that make this quite a bit of fun: the catchy repeating bagpipe (!) riff in *The Real McKenzies* "Long Time," the brazen (but somehow reverent) fucking over of "We're Here for a Good

Time" by SNFU, the super-glam vocals of Exit This Side's "Moment that It Takes," *Graveomonger*'s pure weirdness on "Round Round We Go," JP5's sultry-swing-meets-rock approach to "S100,000," the Polka Shots' use of an accordion, and the sheer appropriateness of DOA doing "Raise a Little Hell." Other bands, like *The Sweaters* ("Dump that Creep") and *Transvestimentals* ("3 Dressed Up as a 9") somehow make their chosen Trooper tunes sound like songs they've written themselves. (I suspect that Davidicus is doing the same with "Janine," a track that turns out to sound post-industrial.)

www.troopertribute.com

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Showdown: 22 Golden Nuggets from Vancouver/Victoria RANCH Community (Independent)

Before I even popped this one

into the machine, I knew *Showdown* was going to include at least some "golden nuggets." After all, I've already reviewed and admired Graham Brown, Carolyn Mark, Coal, Radiogram, Auburn, Swank, The Deadcats, Big John Bates, and Linda McKrae, almost half of the contributors. But the joy of compilations is discovering bands you've somehow missed before, and there's plenty of that here, too. JT King has a kind of *Elie Brickell* delivery; Geoff Berner does a heartfelt minimalist accordion and vocals thing; Flophouse Jr. naughtily lifts a section of "Raindrops Keep Falling on My Head"; Butch Murphy makes you want to do some sexy dancing; The Ploughboys know how to do extremely authentic old-style country swing; and David P Smith's track is a rollicking accordion-driven and drunken runaway train. From the first track, with the unbeatable Gra-

ham Brown and the Prairie Dogs, to Linda McKrae's flawless twangy harmonies at the very end, this is one of the good ones.

MARK KLEINER POWER TRIO

Love To Night (Mint)

Have you been yearning for a new *Matthew Sweet* album? Have you always wondered what *The Replacements* would have sounded like if they had pulled themselves together and cheered up a little bit? If so, this is the CD for you. Kleiner and his band play energetic, no-nonsense pop songs (and more often than not unabashed love songs) with a clean-scrubbed, well-balanced, straight ahead sound. Their arrangements, relying on drums, bass, a single guitar or piano, and the three guys' voices without a speck of studio trickery, are just as spare and simple as the cover art.

www.markkleiner.com

AUBURN

Blue Ridge Reveille (Independent)

It was only three months ago that Auburn sent us a sampler EP (*Is It You?*)—now here's the full-length CD, with extra

tracks just as pristinely recorded in singer Shelley Campbell's living room, including guest artists from bands like *Bocephus King*, *The Parlour Steps*, *Coal*, *Boomchix*, and *Radiogram*. The overall effect is exquisitely slow, quiet, uncluttered, and heartfelt, with cantata-like country-out-of-this-city-girl Campbell's songs drawing on bluegrass, urban folk as well as traditional country influences. Put it on and you'll want to do one of two things: borrow a child to stand on your feet for a slow wedding-party type waltz, or lie back with a cool drink and relax as you never have before.

www.auburninfox.com

VOLUMIZER

Gaga For Gigi (Mint)

Maybe you're the kind of person who resists bands that have been getting a lot of good press. If so, you've probably been avoiding *Volumizer* like the plague. But I must urge you to hear them if you haven't already. It's not because of their pedigree (which is amazing), or even because I happen to agree that they're Vancouver's answer to *The Strokes*, *White Stripes*, and *Hives*. It's just

because I think that anyone who can listen to the first track, "I Promise You, Thomas," and not be utterly smitten must not really be alive. There are at least three reasons why this CD is so good. One is the aforementioned pedigree—*Volumizer* is indeed a supergroup, made up of two couples. One couple is best known for visual art (the world-famous Rodney Graham happens to put out CDs on his own, and Shannon Oskamen did the cover); the other includes founders of two of Vancouver's most important punk bands (*Jade Blade* was in *The Dishrags*; *Bill Napier Hemy* was in *The Pointed Sticks*). This is often the kind of thing that works well on paper but doesn't sound so great, but then there's reason number two, which is Jade's songwriting. The songs are catchy/poopy but really do rock, and better yet, they're perfectly suited to Shannon's sincere, untrained voice. Reason number three is musicianship—all of the band members are good, but let's face it, Bill can play anything, and just the way it ought to be played. Isn't that enough for you? *

www.mintrecords.com

panarticon

the sound of spectacle by tobias

...with tendrils from Montreal...

The US Needs To Smoke a Joint

The Senate is on its way to opening up the debate on decriminalizing marijuana; and now we face—perhaps over an issue that many would consider minor if not downright silly—serious challenges to Canada's sovereignty from our next-door neighbour with the Big Stick, the United States. Pressure is already being applied by the US Colonel Robert Maginnis, a US government advisor on drug policy, that he has to say about Canada's liberalizing tendencies. "To antagonize [US] government leaders and grass roots leaders because you [Canada] insist on having a radical drug policy that we [the US] will not ignore in the long term, then its going to have adverse consequences and I hope we would be able to rectify it before it comes to blows." People, people. I cannot stress it enough: this is the same argument, the very same logic, that every nation, hell bent on conquering the planet, has used

against its neighbour before acts of invasion. Although, today, invasion can occur without military force or occupation—instead we invite in the DEA, we bow to US policy, we adopt the US dollar and cultural standards, methodologies and languages—we should not belittle the powerful effect of the United States in quashing, throughout the past 70 odd years, every independent decision that disagrees with its own interests. These interests, moreover are not logical. They are, to speak politely, ethically fascist. They are neither democratic nor even "liberal." We may be in the age of *Pax Americana*, but at this rate, we have surpassed *hybris*: the Village Fool is now ruling the most powerful arsenal on Earth, and the time will come for the neo-postmodern Nero to decide while the plutonium burns....

Cleaning Out Campbell

The Province's May interview with the Premier's Cleaning Lady—Christiana Helzel—is one of the funniest things I've read in a long time. Take this

quote from Helzel, who claims that Campbell actually does have a big heart: "Gordon is taking us somewhere," she says. "He has a plan for BC, I think. I mean, he must, right?" I can't figure out if this is a PR job gone horribly awry, if the Liberals are this desperate, or if Helzel is just as taken in by the Premier's charm as his dog. He does love his dog, she says. And what do dogs do? Obeyantly wait for their masters. A word of advice, Ms. Helzel: the Premier does have a plan for this Province—it's just unfortunate that it has nothing to do with milk bones and a whole lot to do with doing it doggy-style. Guess who's the bitch?

Christy Clark: A Lesson In Calousness

Liberal Education Minister Clark has recently after claiming that the BCTF was a "political" organization, and that most individual teachers would rise above union politics—this, despite the fact that 91.5% voted in favour of strike action—she has tried to manip-

ulate the conditions of the yet-to-be-formed school planning councils to include "regular teachers," and not "union activists." So let's see here: a politician accuses the teacher's union of being political as if it was a dirty word; she then appeals to some sort of pre-political individuality. What exactly is this subjectivity? Well, a better name would be the *apathetic* teacher. (Not the *sympathetic* teacher, as that would be a hot potato.) Next, she tries to manoeuvre the apathetic teachers into the school councils, despite the fact that the sole teacher is *elected* to the council by the school's staff. Hello democracy! Here's some blatant *political manoeuvring and suppression of Charter Rights*, for it is easy to see that the union activists will damn straight get on the councils with the current 91.5% approval rate of such tactics. And to top it off, Clark refuses to give a position to a student representative on the board, despite the presence of *three parents*. The whole god-damn situation stinks: students, it's time to take action and organize walk-outs! Now, more than ever, your voice is needed in defence of your education and future.

Afrika Aware

Philly techno DJ Bob Brown has laid down a 37 track mix of hard-to-find hard techno skaters in support of Project

Concern, a Zambia based grassroots organisation attempting to stop the spread of HIV. All profits go to PC, which focuses on providing food, shelter, and education for Zambia's 75,000 street kids—and that's just in the capital, Lusaka. Although Brown's mixing leaves a little to be desired, this is a great way to get your hands on some vinyl-only techno tracks as well as support where it's needed. Look for it in your local, independent techno record store—and if they don't have it, bug them to order it in!

The Strange World of Olo J Milkmán

Olo J Milkmán—a man of many missions—is now up to a prominent Show #60 or so with his "(W)ith / With (Intent To Hear)" netstreaming series. Check www.aeb.com/olo23/with.html. It's a crazy link to follow and a crazy show to listen to, mixing together obscure acoustic oddities, experimental post-everything, melancolic melodies—you name it. Mr. Milkmán also produces incredibly rhizomatic line drawings. Check the site, and keep your hands greased for free copies of the mix-shows that are slowly being destroyed through an artsy-frend near you. Collect and trade!

Until humanity is worth more than fiscal responsibility!

NANCY LEE

Dead Girls

(McClelland & Stewart)

Last year, I predicted that Nancy Lee's collection of linked short stories, *Dead Girls*, was going to be the talk of the Canadian literary scene. I was right. Since the mainstream press has already discussed and dissected Lee's debut work, I just want to add that *Dead Girls* is all the clichés of praise you can think of, plus the power to subvert the ideals upheld by the Canlit pundits who seem to run things in the Canadian publishing world.

In *Dead Girls*, the city I live in is ugly because the stories highlight how Vancouverites didn't care much when all those women were disappearing in the Downtown Eastside. Lee's book revealed that the city I live in may be physically beautiful, but is spiritually lacking. What is a city without compassion or empathy? What is a city that doesn't care about its most vulnerable women? We can all pretend that a measure of a city is its restaurants, clubs, and proximity to ski hills and picturesque beaches, or we can suck up the realization that a city is only as good as how its people treat each other. To do otherwise, to only talk about places to shop and the best venues to find a cute boy or girl to fuck is akin to covering up the Bowmac sign on Broadway with a big of Toys 'R Us monstrosity.

over my shoulder

book reviews by Doretta

In Which I Show Myself to Be the Shallow Egomaniac that I Am, by Comparing Cities I Visited as if I Were a Judge of a Beauty Pageant and Get to Use the Word "Subvert" Twice in One Column.

I'm feeling a little displaced, having travelled to Toronto, Montreal, New York, and Courtenay within the space of a month. When I got back to Vancouver, I managed to catch a single NewMusicWest show: *Must Night at the Video In*. As Young and Sexy sang who become the Bowmac sign on Broadway and the less-than-pleasing aesthetics of Vancouver, I wondered to myself: is the city I live in ugly? I thought back to my travels to gain points of reference.

Toronto started as a heat wave, a blur of allergies, and a drunken night at a Sadies show. When everything settled down, it snowed, and I found myself in the midst of a number of zinesters: who've become respected media types. I also visited a friend who is a PhD nerd and another friend who is prepping to be the next Atom Egoyan. Along the way, Paul Koob from Owls gave me his comic book *Hamster Man*.

(www.hamsterman.com) I watched out loud when I was reading it in a super busy train station. The next thing I knew, I was at a small press fair, chatting up various poets, zine girls, and art kids. I wasn't myself. Instead, I was a charming human being capable of making witty remarks. I found a treasure: *Big Boots*, "a zine by, for, and about women of colour." (www.bigboots.shomale.com)

What you've heard about Toronto was brief, a night's stay on the way to New York. Even in the pall of streetlights, I could tell it was a beautiful city, a shoe-in for Miss Photogenic.

New York, city of my dreams. On our way there, with our sights set on Book Expo

America, my friends and I had a near-death experience, which involved a tire flying off a semi truck. We came through without so much as a whiplash. Since then, I've had a new sense of things: less cynicism, more positive action.

Surprisingly, New York was Miss Congeniality; everyone we stopped for directions was super friendly and helpful. My travelling companions and I had a long talk about September 11 and New York. We came to the agreement that we wouldn't visit the WTC ruins. It would be disrespectful, too much like slowing down to watch the wreckage from a car accident.

I returned to Toronto and flew back to Vancouver. Two days later, I found myself in Courtenay, reading fiction to some punk rock kids. The air was clean and there was so much beauty. Courtenay was idyllic if you ignored the fact that no one was sober, ever, and had a tree fort locals dubbed "The Ewok Village," so the whole pagan business came down to a no contest, small-town-takes-it-all win.

Back in Vancouver, I read books by Vancouver authors as

an attempt to relocate myself in the Pacific Northwest.

AARON PECK

Twilight Suites

(greenboathouse books)

My writing about Aaron Peck's first chapbook is probably a conflict of interest predicament of Federal Library Party proportions, but just because dude is my best friend, doesn't mean I can't admire his work. Peck's poetry eschews the narrative-and-line-breaks formula to play with language. Yet, the poems do subtly tell a story. *Twilight Suites* explores meaning in a world inundated with signifiers... okay, I'll stop before I sound too much like a press release.

LAISHA ROSNAU

Getaway Girl

(greenboathouse books)

The Sudden Weight of Snow

(McClelland & Stewart)

That's not a mistake. Laisha Rosnau has two publications out this spring season: a poetry chapbook, *Getaway Girl*, and a novel, *The Sudden Weight of Snow*.

Rosnau is talented both as a poet and as a novelist. Her poem "Spawning" continues to go through my head, and after I finished reading her novel, I realized the many ways it subverted tradition altogether roles.

I am most impressed by her imposition of a "female gaze," which does not become apparent until the climax of the novel. *The Sudden Weight of Snow* should make for a great film.

JUNE AT THE BLINDING LIGHT!! CINEMA



2 THE AD & THE EGO
An unparalleled documentary on the cultural impact of advertising. PLUS: Negative! video!

4 DICKIN AROUND
Live dubbed improv to classic Dick Tracy, Jungle Girl, & Buck Rogers serials!

5/6 OLD AND NAKED: NEW WORKS BY DONICAN CUMMING
Repellent and engaging video works bringing painful existences to life.

7 FOURTH ANNUAL BIKIE FILM NIGHT
Laugh, gape and cry to new and classic bike shorts!

8/9 SHORTS OF BREATH
Mandatory viewing! Eleven breathlessly found footage film by masters of the form. Featuring works by BRUCE CONNER, JAY ROSENBLATT, MARTIN KENOLD, and MATT MCCORMICK.

11/12 PINK DOG: STANDING BY YOURSELF
True punk reality TV - "SUBURBIA" come to life.

18 LIFE OF NEVET: LESSONS OF DARKNESS
Live music to Mircea's apocalyptic vision of hell on earth.

19 BYOB: BRING YOUR OWN FILM
Bring it down and screen it for a crowd!

20 NEW (CINE) WORKS
The latest from Vancouver's only filmmakers' co-op.

21/22 PINK FLOYD IN WONDERLAND
Slide down the rabbit hole as Alice in Wonderland collides with Pink Floyd's THE WALL.



THE BLINDING LIGHT!! CINEMA 878-3344



Thunderbird Interview Hell with Motorama

By Evan Symons

Who are you? (Names, food of choice, political persuasion, musical appendage.)

Marcus: Taco Time 1 lb veggie wrapper, fascist, guitar/backing vocals.

Ash: Cheeseburgers, hopeless romantic, vocals/antics.

Carl: Yves Deli slices, hoodigan, drums.

Tony: Garlic, anarchist, guitar.

Describe the history of Motorama as though all members past and present were comic book heroes.

Well Motorcycle Boy brought together Captain Cheesehead, Girlboy, and Squid Girl to fight Evil Dr. Boredom. Dr. Boredom's right hand man Junkman mortally injured Captain Cheesehead so Motorcycle Boy, Girlboy, and Squid Girl had to continue on without him until they were joined by a sympathetic Neckbeard. Squidgirl decided she needed to brush up on her Dark Arts and travelled to another Galaxy to do so—promising to aid the others if necessary. Squidgirl's replacement Willy Doit did not last long as he was injured by the Memory Man (another of Dr. Boredom's minions) and fell by the wayside and was quickly replaced by Captain Birdman. In the meantime Girlboy was frightened nearly to death and had to beg off, and the Cantankerous Johnny Anger quickly filled his shoes. All the while a loner by the name of the Reverend had been battling Dr. Boredom on his own. He heard about Motorcycle Boy and his group's plight and decided to cast his lot in with them. The evil Dr. Zetetic and the devious Huskee Dudes ate Johnny Anger's resources, so he also fell by the wayside and was replaced by Kid Positive. Which leaves us with Motorcycle Boy, Captain Birdman, Neckbeard, Kid Positive, and the Reverend. Motorama is now a more powerful alliance than ever, eager to battle Dr. Boredom and his minions.

Argue the importance of all other projects past and present associated with current Motorama members.

Marcus: Presently both Ash and I are in a band called Veronica

which is three bass players, a drummer, and synth stuff—very rockin' and danceable. Carl was recently in Filthy Rocket which was a very driving punk band. Tony used to be in a band called Civic Pride who were very cool—one of my all-time favourite Vancouver bands. Harold used to play guitar with the Black Market Babies (became the Black Halos). Ash used to have this great band called Piss Queen and also played in Suicide Club, 5 Against 1, and Adolf Christ.

Rave about your favourite piece of gear making sure to get a few digs in about how yours is better than the other members of Motorama.

Marcus: My favourite piece of gear is my 1966 Gibson Melody Maker made in Kalamazoo, which was once owned by Tortoise's Bundy who also hotrodged it (speilz tuning pegs, brass nut, Seymour Duncan humbuckers, badass bridge, and a phase selector switch). You'll never experience a better sounding guitar.

Who is most likely to get kicked out of the van when Motorama goes on tour?

Marcus: We really don't want to mention any names. Let's just say the most negative of us will be kicked out of the van.

Are all math rockers just prog-rock wannabees who can't sing?

Marcus: I think there's a little more punk/metal in math rock than prog rock. I don't think you can really compare the two. Math rock to me is quite a bit more aggressive.

What is the current relevance of mp3.com?

Mp3.com is potentially a very powerful thing, but one must promote their site which can take up a serious amount of time and energy. Basically, anybody, anywhere in the world can listen to an mp3.com artist's music, given they have a broadband internet connection or a lot of time on their hands.

What was the worst piece of press on Motorama and how have you used it to your advantage?

A Georgia Straight writer once wrote a very scathing paragraph about us when we opened for Clawhammer and Close Captioned Radio—something to the effect of "Indie noise-rock parody band—completely unlistenable godawful noise." In a subsequent review of Botch, Black Halos, and Gob, he said that Botch had dethroned us as "the worst band he had ever heard." We immediately posted his comments on the home page of the Motorama site (www.motorama.net). Ron from Darth Brooks is very jealous of the review and wants something like that said about his bands. Some day he'll come into his own....

When and where was the first Motorama show? Who was in the band then and where are they now?

Our first show was quite some time ago (maybe seven years) at the Malcolm Lowry Room. Motorama's lineup at that time was Marcus, Bart, Denise, and Ryan. The last I heard of Bart was that he had a tattoo shop in Victoria. Denise finished her PhD in Marine Biology and moved to Los Angeles to do research at the University of California. Ryan became disenfranchised and left. Marcus still remains.

Where do you play in Victoria and with whom?

We've played a few times in Victoria—once at this all-ages hall downtown, twice at a place called Thursdays. The first time we played in Victoria, we played with Martensville and the other two times with Darth Brooks who are a great band: kinda country/metal/industrial. High quality stuff!

Where are Motorama CDs available, and are any more releases forthcoming?

Motorama CDs are available at Zulu, Scratch, A&B Sound, HMV, Virgin, etc. We're about to start another recording that should be available in a couple of months as mp3s at the very least. •

www.motorama.net and www.mp3.com/motorama

ph: 604.874.6667 (Marcus) email: <marcus@motorama.net>



Millencolin
Hot Water Music
Pennywise
1208
Division Of Laura Lee
NOFX
Randy
Pulley
Bouncing Souls
Dropkick Murphys
Bad Religion
The (International) Noise Conspiracy
Deviates
Rancid
Death By Stereo
Agnostic Front
98 Mute
Guttermouth

june 25



www.epitaph.com

by Brian Disagree

The Attack is one of those bands that keep you continually interested in the punk scene. Think of them as individuals who not only wear their hearts on their sleeves but who also actively fight for a better world—be it serving food with Food Not Bombs or trying to start a union at your local corporate supermarket to give workers the wages and rights they deserve. They have a sound reminiscent of Minor Threat but still provide their own unique freshness and a bounty of energy to make you want to come back and see them live again. I had the chance to speak to the lead singer, Jeff, and this is what came of it...

Jeff Kraft of

The Attack

Inside your tape's lyric booklet you said you believed in the term "Self-Revolution." I was wondering if you could explain what this term means to you?

Jeff: Well, Self-Revolution to me just means focusing mostly on yourself. Always questioning yourself and thinking about what you believe in and embracing that for yourself. Not necessarily pushing it among other people but just like, what you believe is revolutionary. Obviously I don't think you can change the world in many easy ways. It's just what's important is to change what's inside yourself and fight against all your evils. Find out what your evils are and keep questioning yourself. Make yourself a better person as opposed to pointing the finger constantly at other people when there are lots of evils inside yourself.

Is it kind of a group thing or is it more of a solo adventure? I'd say a bit of both. I wouldn't say that being in a group of people who believe the same thing is necessarily the right idea—otherwise our ideas would never come out of the halls that you play in a punk show or the scene called activism or whatever you want to call it. For example, if you want to confront sexism and you're a guy, you can't fuckin' just sit around with a bunch of guys and talk about how much sexism sucks. I think it's important for guys to discuss their thoughts on sexism, and feminism and the patriarchy. But, I also think it's even more important to establish relationships with women and talk to them—and find out how to destroy the sexism deep inside you. Does that make sense? It's a constant battle to get rid of all that has been ingrained in you through society, through the media and just through other friends. You have to be kind of conscious about every single thing. It's easy enough to just wear a patch that says "Stop Sexism" or "Stop Racism" or something like that, but you have to take it further than that. Patches just do the trick, you know. It comes from deep down inside you; you have to look at it and constantly talk about it with people; with women who are your friends, or your mothers or sisters, whatever. You can't just say in one statement: "I'm not sexist." And be not sexist or you can't say, "I'm not racist." and not be racist. It's a constant struggle and everyone has to question it constantly.

On your *Mental Health 7" EP* you mentioned that you have been struggling with depression for about eight years or so. How has that affected your life and why do you think you have been depressed constantly or depressed for so long? Well, I think there are many reasons. There is still a lot that I don't understand at all. Just in the past little while, maybe the past few years I have been questioning why I get in really, really shitty moods—especially around the winter time. Just the way I treat people, how I can be really, really fucked up to people I love because of my depression or whatever. I think there are a lot of reasons and probably the number one reason why tons of people are depressed is there is no space to know who you are—or there is no space to find yourself and just be alone and think. Especially living in cities, living in the heart of Vancouver, in a house with 10 other people. It's so hard to find the space where I can actually sit and clear my thoughts. I think it's pretty hard and it's pretty rare to find a spot that you can claim as yours for five seconds, you know, without

buying it.

I think in punk rock depression is kind of over-romanticized. Emo bands singing "Oh woe is me." I think for the most part I am a really privileged person. My reasons for depression are a lot more different than someone who has actually gone through a lot of shit in their life. In that way it's like a really privileged thing. That's kind of one thing that I don't like. I don't like playing a victim when reality there are so many people worse off than me.

I feel pretty powerless a lot of the time. I guess that might have a lot to do with it. Again with the space: there is no space to clear your head, it seems and you can't just drop out of the system or whatever, I don't know sometimes I wish I could just ignore it, but I know that's not the right way. Either way, the world is going to get fucked, so you might as well kind of fight. But it just kind of bums me out sometimes because it feels we are fighting a totally impossible battle.

How do you empower yourself to try and create change in this society? Even if this world is so shitty, I've got to try and make a difference even a little bit. How do you empower yourself in these very depressing times?

I empower myself, I think, by embracing what I find is fun and holding on to what I love and finding out what I love; constantly looking for inspiration and finding it. Usually it's through friends and a lot of the time it's through music. I don't know, that just gives me hope, you know. Basically having hope. That's what kind of gets me through it. Just kind of kicking my ass and realizing a lot of stuff about myself, maybe that I can't change the way everybody thinks, but I can definitely change the way I think, and I can constantly work on myself and with the help of my friends they can help me become a better person in the process. I'll help them become better people through direct communication. In activist circles a lot of the time people forget about the idea of community or establishing community they just want to go out and change the world but I don't think you can do that without establishing communities first.

Jeff, you volunteer with the Vancouver chapter of Food Not Bombs. Food Not Bomb's motto is "Protest Not Charity." Can you explain to me in more depth what your group is trying to say? I think I'm kind of the wrong person to talk to about that one. Just because I don't personally really agree one hundred percent with that statement, really. I can't really comment on what they are trying to get out of that. The way I agree with it is that we're not just a charity or a soup kitchen who fuckin' hands out really shitty food to some homeless person who just goes, "See you later, whatever." I think it's like bringing it to light that there's a huge problem with homelessness and hunger. People are fucking poor and people are dying because they can't eat food. All the cuts on welfare and just everything that Gordon Campbell is doing right now. In that way I think it's good to say that we're a fuckin' protest and be out there. But at the same time I think it's good to realize whether it's a protest or not I think most of the people who need Food Not Bombs I don't think they really necessarily give a shit whether we're a protest or not. I think they just want to eat and I think that's really important. I think it's more important to feed people on Hastings Street than go

to a demo made up of mostly middle-class people who can afford to eat on their own. Does that make sense?

Yeah, it does.

That's why I'm involved in Food Not Bombs above anything else. I think protest is a really important thing but definitely like... giving out free food. I think it's more important to serve to people who actually really need it and actually depend on us and depend on being helped.

In your *'zine*, *Another Industrial Product Of Immaturity*, you mentioned that you'd rather be a kid at heart than an adult. What kind of things do you despise about adulthood, and how do you think society would react if Jeff Kraft was still being a kid when he was 50 years old?

I certainly hope I'm like that when I'm old. I hope that I don't become like my parents. I hope that I don't settle down because that is what you are supposed to do. When you are forty, that is the time you are supposed to have a house, and a mortgage and a really, really good job. That's nothing I want from life—and I don't think that's a natural thing to want in life. That's just what we are told, and for people coming from Christian backgrounds there is a lot of pressure to start families and support your families. Which I think is good—to start families—I'm not saying anything's wrong with that—just the way we are taught to do it. To be an adult, you have to be mature, and you have to have a job; to have fun as an adult, to cut loose or whatever, on a Friday night is going drinking in a bar. You have to be drunk to have a good time—and that's something I don't identify with right now—and I'm 22—and that's something I never want to identify with.

What are your personal dreams which you hope to accomplish while you're alive—other than playing in a band and trying to make a difference in the world?

Well, I definitely have dreams of doing lots of travelling and I have been doing travelling but I don't want to stop anytime soon. Definitely doing what I love—which is playing in bands and making music and meeting people through that—that is something that I see happening in my life for a while still—and I like that a lot. Yeah, just spending a lot of time with my friends and the person I love—and one day starting a family with her—but still embracing what makes me young. Just basically have fun in my life—and find out what makes life fun—and hold on to it.

That's all I have for questions. Thanks a lot, Jeff. Do you have anything to tell people about The Attack, or yourself and anything you have coming up in the future?

Well, basically I kind of want to say that these are my ideas and they're not really ideas of anyone who I'm in projects with. We talked a lot about The Attack—but those are mostly my ideas and it doesn't go for everyone else in the band. Hopefully I'll be writing more fanzines soon and going on tour with the band, recording more—just having fun and doing things. I'm putting on more all-ages shows outside of stupid bars for DIY bands that aren't bar-hop/hipster bands. That's it.

<http://drplove.net/~stephen/>



WAKING EYES

interview and photos by Ben Lai

"Utter brilliance," said one reviewer of the new CD *Combing The Clouds* from Winnipeg's The Waking Eyes. Bold words perhaps, but if you listen to the album you might not disagree with him. The album offers its listeners an irresistible blend of nostalgic rock and pop rarely heard these days.

The Waking Eyes are made up of Rusty Matyas (who is also in Duotang and Novillero), with Matt Peters and Steve Senkiw (both of whom were in The Pets). I talked to the band before their show presented by DISORDER at the Piccadilly Pub.



DISORDER: Please tell me who you are and what you do in The Waking Eyes.

Matt Peters: Okay. I am Matt. I play keyboards and guitar and bass and all that wonderful stuff.

Rusty Matyas: And you sing?

Matt: And I sing.

Steve Senkiw: I am Steve, and I just joined this band. I play drums.

And guitar on one song.

Rusty: Two! And piano.

Steve: Oh. And sing.

Rusty: I'm Rusty and I play guitar and the bass and the drums and sing and everything. We all do everything together.

This is a different lineup then when I saw you in Vancouver a few months ago. Myron Schulz was with the band then. So what happened?

Matt: The last tour went really well. All of us thought it went awesome. Then just when we were about to practice with Steve, and it has been in the works for a couple of months that Steve was going to join the band, Myron decided all of a sudden that he wanted to quit the band. And so the three of us just decided to keep on going, since we are all doing everything anyways, one person leaving is not going to change the band at all.

Rusty: But it did change the band.

Matt: It did change, yes.

So how much did it change?

Steve: I'll say a lot.

Rusty: [To Steve] Is that an accurate description you think?

Anything in particular that's different?

Matt: We don't play Myron's songs anymore obviously. You know, well, because he's singing on them.

Steve: Myron is irreplaceable, in a league of his own I think.

Matt: The strange thing is that a lot of his stuff is even rockier than what we were doing. But now our new stuff is far more along that vein, more rock less pop I would say.

Steve: And sloppier.

Matt: And more fun. Sloppy is just more fun.

Two of you were in the band The Pets, a band that gathered tons of amazing reviews after they broke up. What is the difference between The Pets and The Waking Eyes?

Matt: The Waking Eyes is a completely different band, but I guess it formed out of the ashes of The Pets to some degree. After The Pets died, me and Myron got the idea of doing another project and then we met Rusty. And there is no way we can do another project without Rusty. Then we just went and started recording our album, which took us far too long. Took us 15 months to finally get it done.

Where was it recorded? How?

Matt: Just in our basements, apartments, and garages. It's all bits and pieces sort of recording.

Rusty: We got an all new view on how to record now. Write the songs as a band first. Learn how to play. And then record them.

You guys have new songs written already?

Steve: Too many.

Matt: We have way too many so we are going to have to sabotage some. As soon as we get back home we are going to do some new demos.

From reading various reviews The Waking Eyes have been compared to The Beatles, The Beach Boys, Guess Who, Queen, The Doors and many other '60s and '70s bands.

Matt: We listen to all of those bands. I guess we are influenced by them. I think it just has to do with the fact that there is more than one songwriter or songwriting team.

Rusty: We didn't necessarily go out to make them sound like that. Over the course of 15 months with the adding and layering it just ended up sounding the way it sounds.

You guys are originally from Steinbach, Manitoba.

Matt: Steve and I grew up in Steinbach, and Rusty grew up in Winnipeg. I live in Winnipeg now.

I used to live in Winnipeg, and Steinbach is known only as the land of car dealerships.

Steve: Yeah, yeah, yeah. It is. I work at one of them.

Rusty: I think everyone in Vancouver is from Winnipeg at some point.

What can you do in Steinbach other than buy a car? If you have a friend visiting, for example.

Rusty: There is nothing to do. I'm not from Steinbach and I am saying that there is nothing to do. Don't go to Steinbach! Unless you are recording at Matt's house.

Steve: This girl I knew came and I didn't know what to do. I was going to take her to the water tower. [Everyone laughs] "Look at that!

It's a water tower!" is all that I can think of doing.

Matt: You know what you can do though. You can go to the main drag and this big parking lot there, where everyone parks their five-litre Mustangs and Z22s. You can listen to them roar their engines all day.

Steve: All day. It's insane. Steinbach's fun.

Matt: In other words, you drink and you do drugs. [Laughs]

How is the music scene in Winnipeg?

Rusty: Has its ups and downs.

Steve: Depending on what you like. I say the most popular style of music that comes out of Winnipeg is like the "prairie" stuff. Like the Weakerthans, Christine Fellers, or Greg MacPherson. They are huge.

Matt: But they write songs that are relevant to the area. We don't do that at all. We have zero relevancy to Manitoba.

Rusty: The funny thing is that I don't think I could write a song about the Prairies.

Matt: How can you write about wheat and combines?

Steve: The thing is that they pull it off and are great bands.

Matt: Oh yeah, nothing against them.

A lot of bands come from Winnipeg. More than you'd expect for its size.

Rusty: It's the whole "there is nothing else to do but to sit at home and play guitar" thing.

Matt: In Vancouver every street corner you get some new glitzy thing...

Rusty: Righteous babes. [Laughs]

Matt: Yeah, and righteous babes everywhere. But seriously there is so much more stuff to do here compared to there. Not to take anything away from Winnipeg; it's a fun town. I like it a lot.

Steve: [Checks his watch] I need to call my mom to tape *Survivor* and *Friends*. [Leaves]

[Rest of the band screaming and laughing]

Matt: That's not going to be in the interview.

Rusty: That's on the record. Right there.

Matt: [Speaking directly into the microphone] Everybody! That was Steve by the way, thank you. His telephone number is...

Rusty: Calling his mom to tape *Survivor* and *Friends*.

Steve: [Coming back] It's totally getting taped. Awesome. Rachel is almost having a baby. Oh, it's intense.

Matt: Geez.

Steve: Sorry.

I guess you've toured Western Canada. Do you have any interesting tour stories you would like to share?

Matt: I don't know if any of those stories are printable.

Steve: Tell them about the one where you wiped your ass on a t-shirt! [Laughs]

Matt: So we are in Hope, we are tired, and we haven't even played the show yet. We were looking for a restaurant. We eventually picked one and sat down at a table. And this loud feisty French girl comes in. You know, from the moment she stepped into the room and starts serving us, her mouth did not stop moving. She was just like "Blah blah blah fuck this blah blah blah Panthers blah blah my tits blah blah I'm a groupie." It just got too much. We were just trying to eat. We were tired and we had headaches. And when we were leaving she heard that we had merchandise. So we went to the van to get two T-shirts, since we have two colours—blue and brown. But I have something brewing in my stomach so I grab the blue one and I just let out the nastiest fart you've ever smelled in your life. And I just flossed my ass with the thing. We brought both T-shirts back and immediately she was pointing at the blue one and saying "I want that one!" She bought that stinky shirt.

Steve: Poor 24-hour diner employee just trying to make a living.

Matt: That is going to make us sound like assholes. We were running on about two hours sleep though. We were sick and tired.

So what is the deal with the suits you are wearing on this tour now?

Steve: We want to look super good.

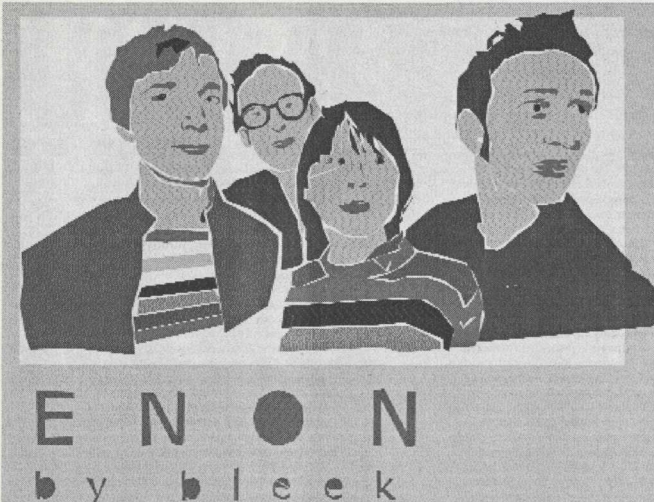
Rusty: People just want to see people look good in nice suits. I am sure people would much rather see us in suits than what we are wearing now.

Matt: I think every item you sell needs a gimmick.

Isn't that just like The Smugglers or Duotang? Guys in matching suits?

Rusty: Yeah, but I play in Duotang. And I am the one that came up with it. So I'm allowed. •

You can check out The Waking Eyes at www.enduring.com.



DISORDER: Have you been able to do more on Touch and Go than with See Thru? See Thru must have had a hard time losing you.

We lost them, more like. Well... so far not that much has happened with this band and Touch and Go. This record was pretty much put together and was ready to put out when See Thru Broadcasting lost its funding and went out of business. So for a more straight answer, yes we can do a lot more on Touch and Go because it still exists as a company!

Who produced High Society?

Dave Sardy. He's the same guy that produced *Believe!* and the gent that inspired See Thru. He is a maniac... he was working on the Bush record when we were mixing *High Society*. I never see him much these days he's always working on records in LA where, reportedly, the better studios are.

I just read that Rick Lee has left the band. True? Why?

That guy is also a maniac. He is someone we all respect and love so much musically—that was never an issue. But Rick was never able to make commitments, and it got in the way too much. He was playing with a lot of different bands and that'd be cool if there was a sense of priority or responsibility, but it got mucked up a lot and he'd be double booked on stuff that would piss many peoples and parties off. I don't know what to say; we are still friends if that is what you wanna know. We were tired of waiting to be a band.

What were you doing in Kentucky?

Lived there just before Brainiac broke up. I lived in Newport, which is basically split by a river and bridges from downtown Cincinnati. I had an incredible apartment in what was the Masonic Temple of Newport, Kentucky. The landlord of the building was this crazy guy who had a lot of buildings in Newport and he also collected antiques which he had in a shop on the first floor of the Temple. But it was more like a garage sale. He had some real space takers-uppers in there that kind of extended up the stairs of the building and into the second story, including a mechanical chair lift that went all the way up the first stair case. I had four crazy old rooms that connected to one of the Meeting rooms which was like the size of a high school gym; the Meeting room was inhabited by some friends of mine and they let me share access to the bathroom and kitchen which was in there. I paid \$100 for the four room rooms and the loft where my bedroom was—utilities included!

Has moving to New York improved your life, work, and creativity?

I would have to say yes on most of those counts. It took me a while to feel like I could survive here. NY is not an easy city to start a band in. I'm glad we are based out of here despite our crazy expenses and other difficulties... I feel like it pushes us and motivates us in so many ways... But I wonder what it would be like if we were from somewhere else. What would be different besides finances and time on the hands? I don't know! The thing I do like about NY is that my work ethic has definitely improved. When I lived in the Midwest it was easy to find work and have any job that would pay your bills and so often I would just take any job because it was easy! Whereas now I feel more motivated to develop some other skill besides the

band craft. I have had some crazy jobs while I have been here and I think it's just because there is a larger variety of opportunities that come from around here... and the hustle of all these people focused and moving all around you kind of challenges your perspective. When you set about making a song you seem to be into creating more layers than most people. On top of creating great hooks and playing you throw in some unusual sounds. Where does that come from?

I wish there was one answer, and I wish that this stuff seemed unusual to me. Sometimes a song is developed out of a textured sound and sometimes a song is written on, say a guitar, and a texture-rich sound is added for spice. We have a methodology of Enon, and it is all about picking your nose and making music with it.

Tell me about the tracks made for the Cartoon Network.

The only stuff I've really done for Cartoon Network is some incidental music for some never *Banana Splits* cartoons that they hosted on there website. Do you know *Banana Splits*? It was a live and animated kids show popular on TV in the '70s in America.

Can you tell me about the John Stuart Mill album, how that came about and your view of it in retrospect?

That record was about getting through the time after Tim had died, it wasn't really like I was making an album. I was just making recordings 'cause I didn't know what to do with myself, but I wasn't gonna keep working on the next Brainiac record in denial or something. I needed to do something different as an exercise, but I still needed to be making music. It is about the battle of a public and private life. That is one of the reasons it ended up being called John Stuart Mill. I also did not feel like myself, and so therefore did not want to self-title it like a solo record or something. I like that record a lot because again, it wasn't like I was making a record when I was doing it. So it isn't very tainted by do business. Music is often very personal—for the listener and the composer. That music I realized I would have no intention to ever perform it live because I couldn't do it honestly every night. That music is supposed to be an in-the-home type of experience. Eventually, I figured out that I wanted to be in a band again and then there was Enon.

The loss of Tim Taylor was tragic and sad, of course. Can you speak about his life and meaning to you?

Tim Taylor had probably the most inspiring effect on me, musically, of anyone I ever met. There are a few people in my life that have shaped the way I feel and the way I go about music. He is the only one you would know of... and anyway he is the reason I am here being interviewed by you today. I definitely would not be making the music I make today had it not been for playing with Timmy Taylor and Brainiac.

Would there still be a Brainiac today if Tim was still with us? That is a difficult question to answer. It has been five years since he died and much has happened since then. I know he would still be making music as I still am. Timmy had music flowing through him and he wouldn't know what else to do. But bands break up for all kinds of reasons because it takes more than just music to keep them together and they are after all several people that need to get along. It is like being married to many several people... I'm sure you've

You never know what the future holds. Five years ago John Schmersal found himself in painful circumstances when fellow Brainiac member Tim Taylor died in a car accident, suddenly leaving John with a much lighter schedule. Where to go and what to do? Schmersal began recording a solo album under the alias of John Stewart Mill, but this was nothing resembling what was to come. It was time for a change of scenery and New York provided much of the changes needed to re-invent himself. Joining with ex-members of Skeleton Key (Rick Lee and Steve Calhoun) the three became Enon. The first album, titled *Believe!*, on SeeThru Broadcasting Records, attracted some good reviews and made my Top 10 of the year 2000. Nobody else seemed to notice as far as I could tell. The day I write this the day the new Enon release, *High Society*, hit #2 on the CTR playlist. Describing Enon isn't exactly easy. The songs might display an odd power pop blast while the next track might be a brooding mind-fuck. A clue about some influences can be found on an old bio from See Thru in which Schmersal "claims to like the first Jackson 5 record, Ornette Coleman, and the Residents equally." Whatever they're doing to music I find most of it very appealing indeed. So it was with pleasure that I received word from John Schmersal that he would agree to an interview. We went for the cheap-ass email type.

heard that one before. We would've probably been on a major label had he stayed alive... and you know how that goes... I think if we didn't succeed in THEIR grand sense, (become a household name) we would have been put on the shelf like so many other bands unable to make a record until it was a "viable commodity" and that would've been too much for a band that couldn't sit down. **What artists do you find exceptional these days. Any Top 10 lists?** I'm not sure I can come up with 10. There are a lot of good bands here in NY right now. Like Black Dice are probably my favorite live band, Love as Laughter, the Rapture are a good live band... of course everyone's talking about the Yeah Yeah Yeahs. I have to say I really like the White Stripes, they're grrrrrrrr! We don't listen to much current music together as a band. Toko and I listen to a lot of ancient music. If you want to get some inspiration, listen to some early field recordings of people playing traditional music from all over the world. I recommend the *Secret Museum of Mankind* compilations as well as many of the Nonesuch Explorer series.

I understand there was a video for "Come Into" which I have not seen. As a rule I don't watch videos and take that old Replacements' view that the music should stand alone. However I can understand how videos can make a career. How do you feel about music videos? Necessary evil or something to embrace? The Replacements Shmacements. I like those guys okay, and I like the one video ["Bastards of Young"] with the speaker and the guy looking at the record while he listens. That shit was so true and funny, but they came at a time when video was blowing up! It probably turned them off. We think video could be great! There is so much you can do, it doesn't have to be expensive, you just need a little ingenuity. Look at some of the Devo videos or anyone else in the beginning: those videos are all about lo-tech ideas. No one cares about video these days... MTV don't play anything. And that is why the Replacements should start making videos now! We just made a video for "Carbonation," a song on the new record. And we had a great time making it. Actually our part was fun. I have to give great credit to Paul Wilm who directed and edited it. He also designed our website.

Does Enon have any plans to come up around this area (Vancouver or Seattle) in the future?

Maybe in July/August for Seattle. I don't think we'll hit Canada till this Fall, however. Your country and our country need to make some deals, 'cause it's far too expensive to come over and play one or two shows you kind of need four or five shows to make it worth a band's while.

Any final comments, thoughts, revelations, etc.?

If you have a pet please take care of them walk them and clean up after them and groom them. Definitely make sure you scoop the poop. If there is a heaven and hell, I think that hell is mostly filled with people who don't scoop up their dog poop from the streets. I am tired of looking down when I walk around there is so much more to look at.

www.enon.lv

The name alone is enough to arouse curiosity. You may have seen those three exclamation points emerging from the head of a cartoon character or ending off a particularly emphatic line in a letter. If you've been around town, you may have also seen those three symbols next to the words "special guests" on the poster for the upcoming Trans Am show and thought to yourself, "Wow, they're pretty excited by the special guests... I wonder who they might be."

Of course, there is reason to be excited, for those three exclamation points actually stand for an eight-piece collective of musicians who have fashioned a sound as energetic and unexpected as the name might suggest. After you see them you will be talking about them and, so you don't have to keep calling them "that band with the three exclamation points," you should know, right from the beginning, that !!! is meant to be pronounced as three of the same sound. ChicChic and TookTookTook are both perfectly acceptable.

Despite calling to mind the dadaist poetry of Kurt Schwitters, the origins of !!!'s name lie elsewhere. "There's this song by [latin percussionist] Mongo Santamaria called Dot Dot Dot," explains guitarist Mario Andreoni. "We were interested in the three repetitive sounds." They finally settled on a combination that embodied the repetition and excitement that would form the foundation of their sound. Andreoni adds, "The song Dot Dot Dot, by the way, is off a record called *Mongo Explodes* in case anybody wants to check it out. I think it's a fantastic record."

For those who have never heard !!! before, their music is fairly hard to pin down. Razor-sharp dynamics collide with magnificently propulsive rhythms to create a sound that will get your head nodding by the end of the first bar and have you dancing wildly by the end of the song. "The original intent was always to make some-

thing very rhythmic," says Andreoni, "but then have the way we play music be over it."

The eight members of !!! (John Pugh, drums; Tyler Pope, guitar; Justin Vandervolgen, bass; Mario Andreoni, guitar; Allan Wilson, sax and percussion; Dan Gorman, trumpet and percussion; Nic Offer, vocals; and Jason Racine, percussion) spent much of the early '90s playing in a series of different punk or experimental bands. When they got together, the idea was to situate that more experimental edge within a framework you could actually dance to.

Giving a hint to the origin of their sounds, Andreoni relates the following anecdote: "We used to have this really bad stereo and you could never isolate the CD from the turntable, so whatever you'd play on the CD player would also play over a record. We used to play [New York guitarist/composer] Glenn Branca over a lot of Latin stuff and we found a lot of common links. They match rhythms a lot."

Since 1996, !!! have been finding those common threads in music and tying them together in a grand fashion. Along the way their incendiary live shows have won them a devoted following. "We've done four US tours and a lot of regional stuff," says Andreoni. "The first tour we did we'd be playing straightedge shows and a lot of those kids didn't like it. On the most recent ones we played a couple of towns where people didn't know us. I like doing those because it's a challenge. Usually there's a small group of people who are pretty into it versus a lot of people who are kind of indifferent. For the most part we haven't had hostile reactions like we used to."

After honing their sound on the road, !!! finally released their self-titled debut album in 2000 on the Gold Standard Laboratories label. The record managed to capture the energy of the band's live performances and did not escape the attention of Chicago stalwarts Touch and Go, who have since signed them.

"Having Touch and Go behind us now has made

things a little bit easier. The recording budget is a bit bigger and we have a little bit more to work with," says Andreoni, looking forward to the band's planned activities for the rest of the year. "Later this year we're going to put out a 12" in the old disco 12" style. It's probably going to have three songs on it. The new full length will probably be out in 2003."

Since the first album came out, six members of the band have moved out to Brooklyn while the other two have remained on the West Coast. "It definitely adds a new wrinkle to things," says Andreoni. "Me and the other guy who live in California have been flying to New York quite often and we practice as much as we can. The people that do a lot of the writing live on both coasts so a lot of the ideas are exchanged on tapes. It's definitely harder, but so far everybody has maintained a pretty strong desire to keep on going."

And it would indeed seem that the challenges posed by being on opposite sides of the country have not diminished the band's ability to make music. By the time you read this, the eight of them will have regrouped and taken to the road with Trans Am. Although claiming to have not heard Trans Am's new album, Andreoni says, "I'm pretty excited to go on tour with them because they're into unusual foundations of music and they also, I guess, are pretty funny, too. A mutual friend said they were really fun to tour with."

Whether or not you believe that Trans Am have jumped the shark with their recent musical offering is another matter for another time, but with !!! on the bill, it is guaranteed to be a memorable evening whatever happens. "We've never played in Vancouver," says Andreoni, and given that they've got a new prospective audience to win over, we can expect only great things. •

!!! play on June 8 at Richard's with, erm, Trans Am. Their first album is available in the punctuation section wherever fine records are sold.



CORB LUND BAND

DISORDER: I guess we could start with a quick recap on your band and where it came from.

Corb: I grew up on a ranch in southern Alberta, and when I was 17 I moved to Edmonton and started a rock band. We started the smalls in '89, retired last year. We were, like, a cult phenomenon. We could never get a label to sign us, but we had a rabid cult following, especially in Western Canada. In '93 I started this band, and we put out two records and toured a little bit during the breaks. This is the first recording with this band that I've put a lot of money into, a lot of time and effort.

So this was more of a side project. Was there any overlap with the smalls?

For the listener, it's probably quite different, although I've heard people say they can hear a few threads of similarity. I was one of the songwriters in the smalls, too, and some of the tunes that they have were written on an acoustic, and they could've gone either way. I always say the smalls were like a modern Black Sabbath 'cause it was pretty heavy. We were into Slayer, Sabbath, mixed in some country, rock, jazz—but it was fundamentally pretty heavy.

How does your coming from a rural background contribute to your approach and sound as an urban country band?

There is definitely a different vibe, whether it's from our childhood upbringings or just the vibe we grew up with. Part of it is that there's a work ethic there: some of us are from the farm, and we grew up hauling hay, chasing cows, gettin' up in the morning to do stuff. I like to think that putting a lot of work into our music and touring comes from that.

Not only did you grow up on a ranch, but I hear you've got rodeo in your blood as well.

Yeah, my dad, who's a vet, was a pro rodeo guy.

And that's you on the cover of the new album?

Yeah, that's me on a bull steer. I wasn't a champ, but I was third place in the Calgary Stampede one year, so that was the height of it. I went pretty hard at it for about four years, from 11 to 14. That was the big news, being at the Stampede. And my mom—that is kind of cool—[reaches for picture in CD liner notes] this is her in 1959. That was the first year they had barrel racing as part of the major events at the Calgary Stampede. She won it that year and the next. And this is Dad [points to another picture in liner notes]—this is a family affair—he went to the National finals a bunch of times. They rodeo'd in Africa, Australia, all over the place.

When did you pick up on the music thing?

I think I started playing music at about 14, something like that. I fooled around with an acoustic before that, but me and my friend got into rock music about 14, and learned to play electric right away. The first music I actually played on guitar was rock music, but I grew up singing all those western story songs when I was a kid: Marty Robbins, Kenny Rogers, Willie Nelson. I think Jim Reeves is the first guy I can remember singing songs of, in the car or whatever.

As a songwriter, what kinds of things inspire you?
There's a lot of stuff, on the new album especially, that draws on Alberta themes. Not specifically Alberta, but Western Canadian rural themes. I lived in Austin last year for half of the year; I was

The resurgence of indie roots music isn't limited to Vancouver, as was evidenced by the crowds straining to get in to see two Alberta bands at the Railway Club on the Victoria Day weekend. One of those groups, the Corb Lund Band, started in 1993 as a country music-based side project for one of the founders of Edmonton combo the smalls. The smalls blazed across Western Canada and Europe for over a decade, but threw in the towel in 2001, leaving Corb free to hit the road and tour behind his newest release, *Five Dollar Bill*. What distinguishes Corb from the "been to Austin, got my cool retro duds" wannabes is his genuine cowboy pedigree. He can rope and ride, but he's also seen enough of the world to write intellectually stimulating material well beyond the pabulum of commercial Hot New Country.

DISORDER wasn't the recent trend to email interviews and caught up with Corb, in person, before sound check at the Railway.

by Val Cormier

writing down there. My friends were bugging me, asking me if I was going to come home with a bunch of songs about Texas. But actually it had the opposite effect: when you're down there, they're so proud of being from Texas, and it kind of makes you think about where you're from, you know? It had the effect of inadvertently making me write more songs about home themes.

How did you like Austin? Is it still a mecca for songwriters?

Oh yeah. It was great. I want to go back there in the wintertime. I'm trying to align my career with the weather: summer in Canada, winter in Texas. At first I played open mics and then I started playing gigs. It wasn't very hard. It's hard to make much money playing gigs there because there's a million bands, but for a creative writing thing and for networking, it's really good. I met lots of people, and people started to come out to shows. It was kind of a confidence builder, because it is, like you say, a "mecca" for country writers and I was kind of intimidated at first. In the end, my stuff stood up, and people quite liked it.

Is there a local scene still in Austin, or is it all formed by outsiders these days?

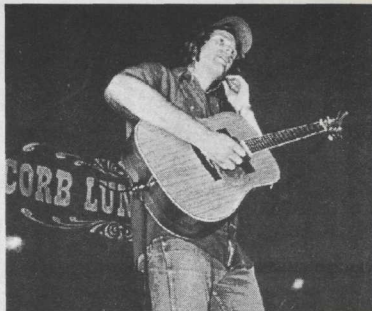
Well, like any big city, there's a lot of people from other places who've gone there, right? But it's a pretty creative vibe there. It's probably true that unless you're touring, it's tough to make a living there. I think there's a lot of bands there, here, everywhere else, that do well in their town but don't get out on the road. And I think that's really crucial. I've seen it a hundred times: band gets hot locally, starts playing shows, people come out, it's good for a while, and then it burns out because they play too much in town and don't do anything else. I only play Edmonton a couple times a year, maybe, and spend the rest of the time touring.

Do you like touring?

It's tiring sometimes, but no, I like touring. For me, making records is cool, but the thing in the back of my head is that if you can't pull it off live, you're kind of faking it. I've always viewed live performance as the bedrock, the fundamental core of everything. So yeah, I'm really into touring and playing. I like it.

I see that your producer on this new CD is Harry Stinson, who's best known as one of the Dead Reckoners, who formed their own indie label and are considered mavericks on the Nashville scene. How'd you get him on board?

It was one of the most satisfying musical things I've done. My manager in Edmonton had done some publicity for the Reckoners before, I think. She sent him [Stinson] my last record and asked if he wanted to record a couple of tunes and see how it goes. He was really good about it, he did the gig and spent the entire weekend in the studio with me and recorded two songs. We had fun and I think he liked my stuff. It went really well, so when I was in Austin I went to Nashville and recorded for a week and a half. We finished the other half up in Edmonton in November. Harry's quite amazing: he's an A-list backup vocalist for Nashville sessions, and a session drummer. He's also a writer and musical director for TV shows there. He's kind of a Civil War buff too, and I'm into that stuff, so he gave us the historical-Civil War tour of Nashville.



I noticed at your New Music West show that the drummer from Nickelback got up and played a few songs with you. What's up with that?

Ryan was the original drummer in our band, actually, and he's played on all the records. The whole time I wasn't fully committed because of the smalls, though, so when he got a call a couple years ago from his buddies from Hannah [Alberta] to fill in, I was like, "Yeah, okay, whatever." All of a sudden, about six months later it was "boom!" And good for him: I don't blame him at all because I wasn't playing full time either. We go way back.

I guess you've heard it's fairly trendy these days to slam Nickelback?

Yeah, I've heard a lot about that. It's just jealousy, I think. [Laughs] Whether it's your style of music, I mean, whatever... more power to 'em. The thing that I really respect is that they're out there doing it, breaking all these records, and they're not trying to pretend they're from LA or anything. They're always talking about Alberta, eh? I think that's great. I don't really listen to that much rock radio anymore, but from what I've heard, their stuff is actually quite hooky.

Your new record's out on an Edmonton label, Stony Plain, which is better known for its roster of established blues acts.

Yeah, Holger [label owner] is pretty selective, which is good. But he's been doing it for so long that whatever he puts out gets a listen because a lot of people respect him and he's well connected. Yeah, I'm excited about that. And I get free Ian Tyson records, too.

Bonus!

I'd like to meet Ian, actually. He's a favourite of mine, too, just because he's been one of the most successful people at capturing Western Canadian experience in song. I think. Not a lot of people can do it. It's easy to write about Texas, or whatever, because it's so established, but it's more difficult to write about Calgary and not come off sounding corny. It's hard. But he's done a really good job and should be commended for his documentation of the Western lifestyle.

So do you ride much anymore?

When I can, but not as much as I used to. I go and visit the folks two, three times a year and ride a bit. I had a horse named Rooster since I was about 7 or 8, a little cow horse. He died about two years ago, which was a drag, so I haven't had my own horse since then.

Guess we should wrap this up—anything else we need to know about Corb Lund?

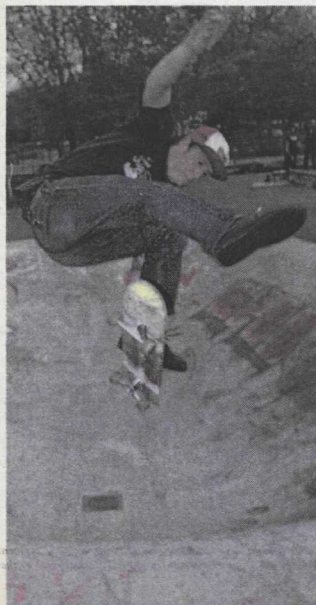
I'm pretty into poker! [Laughs] I've been playing a lot lately. I'm a student of the game. It was pointed out to me that there's a lot of gambling references on the new album, which I didn't realize at first. I've been playing at the casinos here and doing pretty well. They don't know how to play it right! We're making Corb Lund playing cards to sell at gigs, you know. *

More info and fine swag available at www.corblundband.com



S.T.R.E.E.T.S

The setting: An impromptu skate session at an isolated, low-stroll oasis of Vancouver's industrial locale. Our boards narrowly escaped the scourge that is Vancouver's average barometric condition. The goddamn rain spoiled another day. You best believe Sweet Jesus, with the help of Christa, Lori, and Dan, were going to take it to the STREETS.



By Sweet Jesus Photos by Lori and Dan

DISORDER: To whom do STREETS owe the largest amount of RAD-itude?

James: Hey guys, who do we owe the largest amount of gratitude? No, RAD-itude, I said.

James: Oh... RAD-itude! [Laughs] I say the movie *Thrashin'*.

Jonny O: We owe fuckin' RAD-itude to beers at 7am, and fucking skating naked down hills, just your average bullshit. Just livin' gnar. It's our lifestyle man.

There is not a single personality the STREETS owe RAD-itude?

Jonny: Uh... yeah, Animal Chin is pretty inspirational.

Mike P: Yeah man, Animal Chin!

Jonny: Yeah man, the spirit of Animal Chin! And the Z-Boys! Everybody should go see that movie, man 'cause that truly represents what skating and the STREETS are all about. It is the essence of skateboarding.

Indeed the RAD-issance.

Jonny: Yes! That's what they were, man, the RAD-issance of the 20th century.

James: Also, skating peoples' living rooms is pretty rad. Definitely Georgia Street living room sessions.

How do you guys find the time and energy to juggle both skateboarding and the rigorous musical requirements of such a band?

Mike: It's harder to find time to drink beers.

Jonny: Well, it's not hard to find time at all. We dedicate ourselves to both elements of our lifestyle. I mean, just skating from Point A to Point B is enough, man. Like, anyone can incorporate getting rad and shredding into their every day lives. Doesn't really matter. It's a state of mind.

Corey: Plus, we all try to get at least an ollie in at band practice. **Jonny:** But with STREETS, it's like we did our research, man. We'd go up to Mary Poppins [mini-ramp], and shred, then go directly inside and channel our energy into the music.

That sounds totally RAD!

Jonny: Well this was back in the Corey Webster days [pre-STREETS band], but he was kind of a kook in the movie *Thrashin'*.

You thought so? I thought he exemplified the RADness of the plot...

Jonny: Well, we just go by what it stands for you know—STREETS: Skating Totally Rules Everything Else Totally Sucks.

So where do the STREETS like to skate in Vancouver?

Jonny: Me, personally, I like alleyways. Not any particular one, though.

Mike: I like alleyways, and I like mini-ramps too. I can't really skate bowls or anything. Never really got the knack for it. Originally, I'm from Ontario, and they didn't have that sort of thing there. I'm more

about alleyways and mini-ramps.

Corey: And the streets, that goes without saying.

Jonny: Zlarac [Hastings Park] is pretty good to carve around in. But lately I've been into Point A to Point B skating. Just putting a walkman on and going really fast. Cruising through traffic. Lazy ollies. There's a nice hill on 7th and Fraser. It's really fun. It's got these big speed bumps at the bottom, you just get really fast when you pump over them. Totally fun.

Isn't it hard to skate with a walkman on? Personally, I'm not a phones type of guy.

Jonny: Nah... 'cause you're stoked, man.

Corey: Nah, it isn't hard.

Jonny: One of our songs is about listening to Suicidal Tendencies and skating down a hill. You just go with the vibe or whatever.

What else you guys got playing in your walkmans?

Jonny: Fuckin' Thin Lizzy, man.

Mike: Thin Lizzy, Deep Purple.

Jonny: Just a lot of '70s classic rock. Diamondhead. They are so good.

Corey: Hawkwind.

Jonny: Yeah, Hawkwind totally rules.

What about the Nuge? He was sort of on the fringes of skate-culture in the '80s. The music you guys make reminds me of that sort of...

Mike: He's a piece of shit.

Jonny: No, not really into the Nuge.

Mike: I just don't think we really stand for anything that he does. Sort of redneck, intolerance.

He married an Asian woman.

Mike: Oh. Well, really, I guess maybe I shouldn't have judged him so quickly.

She was only 15 years old, though.

Jonny: I'm more into Dinosaur Jr.

Christa: Isn't there another band called The Streets?

Corey: Yeah, there is... or was. The Streets were like a glam, butt-rock band. So bad.

Don't you fear that they may come back to haunt you guys for jacking their name?

James: They are probably all dead.

Jonny: There was going to be a lawsuit. But we are STREETS, not The Streets. It's like we're pretty harsh about how rad skating is. And so if you don't skate, you suck. Nah, man. Just kidding. Sort of. I mean, people read into our name, and they infer that we don't like anything but skateboarding.

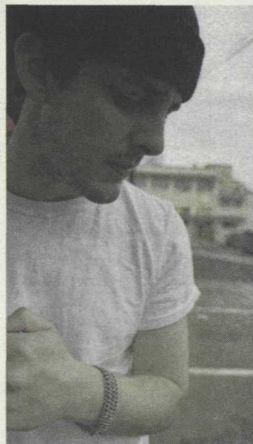
Were you guys big fans of Thrasher's Skate Rock collection in the '80s?

Jonny: Yeah! Dylan Doubt [local skate photographer] brought us back a box of them from the last time he went to Thrasher in San Francisco.

[The interview pauses as all four band members begin to hold a ramshackle High-Jump Competition on the loading dock. With Mike steering home the winning jump, the combatants in this children's game, still weary from their grueling contest, find enough flair to reach back into their reserves, and go on with the interrogation.]

Who did you guys look up to when you were younger? Particularly in Vancouver.

James: I'd have to say that the people I used to find heroic changed, or whatever. Or I changed, and I really don't find them to be very inspiring anymore. Maybe Sluggo. A lot of those older guys own companies now. It's kind of a disappointment in skateboarding. They



just aren't the same.

Their role as hero changed somewhere along the line... or your idea of a hero changed, sort of, huh?

James: Yeah. But my friends, really. That's who are my heroes in skateboarding. Always have been. I mean, those are the people who always influenced me. And Gator, before he murdered his girlfriend. Yeah, to all the fallen skateboarders... who murdered their girlfriends.

Jonny: I really looked up to James Lindsay. Jamer. When I lived in Victoria.

I saw him win like some X-treme Challenge that was on TSN last year. Smile on his face the whole run, clearly an underdog, against all of the east coast heavy weights, and Jamer, probably drunk—and to the bewilderment of the cheeseball MC—landed a perfect run. It was flawless, man. So I can see why you might have been hyped on him. The MC was counting him out as a washed up party animal, and here the guy busts a flawless victory.

Jonny: Yeah, man, also like Rick [McCrack], Keegan [Sauder], Quinn [Starr], Dylan [Doubt].

Well, what about back in the day? Those guys are current shredders.

Jonny: Maybe Darcy Dennis. He's the guy I'd always hear legends about when I was a kid.

Cory: I grew up with the Skate Ranch in Richmond, and all those dudes are pro now. So I guess those were the guys I looked up to. Carlos Longo?

Cory: Fuck, I remember him. China Creek legend. Destroyer. All those old Jaks were fuckin' scary.

Jonny: Going back to Victoria, I mean, the heroes there were like Syd Clarke, Jeff Halliday, he was really fuckin' good.

Mike: Jeff is still rad.

Jonny: He just doesn't skate as hard as he used to. Like all of us, really. Now it's Keegan and Quinn, those kids. Super good style. Dylan. I mean, I grew up on the island. So hands down, best style ever, James Lindsay. When he skates, I just wanna stop and watch. He's a total natural, he just flows. Skateboarding nowadays is getting so mechanical. I mean, it's starting to get a bit better, with people paying more attention to style, and things. Like back in the day. They just wanted to surf, and carve. It's all about style.

Cory: People that can skate everything.

Jonny: Like Rick, man. He can skate everything, man. Like back in the day, you had to have style. Everybody had style. Now there's just robots out there... but I guess it's all about having fun, anyways. I think we prefer the old ethic in skateboarding for sure.

Just getting rad?

Jonny: Yeah, wherever. Just dorking around on a curb, or whatever. Just having a super good time.

Is it safe to say that you guys apply the same aesthetic to your music?

Everyone: Totally!

Jonny: I mean, originally, we just wanted to be a three-chord skate rock band. That was Cory Webster. And we just got a lot better musically, so we were better musicians, so naturally, we wanted to just become more technical and stuff. Now we will just write a pretty technical song. Then write a shitty three-chord one to make up for it. We will spend like three weeks on a song, then maybe spend five minutes on another.

Cory: But we definitely are not into like skate punk music of today.

Jonny: Like snowboard rock, man. Totally sucks.

Mike: I think the consensus is that we basically hate new school skate rock.

Jonny: I don't know if we hate it, man. Like early Bad Religion, early NOFX, you know: back in the day.

Mike: I said New School, though. Not back in the day. James: Back in the day, though, that was New School! Like Descendants, and All. We're basically trying to fuse Classic Rock with fucking old school punk. A little bit of cross-over metal.

Cory: Some cross-over metal, mixed with a little Celtic inspiration. [Laughs]

I take it then that STREETS is not a Snowboard rock band?

Cory: No.

James: There's nothing wrong with it, though. We don't slag anyone for doing whatever.

Do you guys allow the people in the pit to skate at your shows?

Jonny: We played at Video In and the kids were just going fucking crazy. They were doing coffin rides into each other and acid drops.

Mike: Like we played with this band called The Attack.

Jonny: They were so good.

Cory: Like that guy street-planted his bass at that one show. And they did a couple of ollies.

Jonny: Yeah, I ollied off the stage. On the beginning of "Cory Webster" on the album, there's a skate sample, and what we were doing is playing live, and I'd ollie just like the part on the CD.

Would you guys agree that there hasn't really been a true skate-rock band—a band that actually lives and breathes skateboarding, as well as making it the focal point of the music? No one has taken it to interstellar achievement up to this point.

Jonny: Usually, one guy in the band skates or something, and I don't know—like Suicidal Tendencies, did they even skate? I know Metallica skated.

Mike: They did?

Cory: Yeah. Remember, that's how what's-his-name broke his arm... James Hetfield.

Mike: Didn't Axl used to skate?

Jonny: Yeah, I think he did. I heard that, too. Yeah, I mean, skateboarding has always been cool, right? It's always been a force in arts and music. Since the beginning.

What are STREETS' short-term goals?

Jonny: Hopefully, go on a little tour, man. We have a bunch of friends in SF, a big crew called the Gnarrogies; they're really rad, they came up here and played at one of our parties and everybody got beat up. They're called Hightower, the band. So we will go visit them. We have connections all along the coast, you know.

Mike: We are also playing some shows with Hightower and Three Inches of Blood.

Jonny: Just lots of shows with our brother bands.

Do those dudes skate too?

Jonny: Yeah, some of them do.

Mike: No, they do. They all skate.

Jonny: Actually, we're planning to do a side project with Three Inches of Blood. It's going to be called Blood On The Streets. Three singers, two drummers, two bass players, four guitar players... we're going to try and record a song with Jesse at Wreck-age, hopefully. We're hoping it will be pretty epic.

James: We're also playing Naughty Camp 2002.

Jonny: Our goal is just to play. We are also planning another record,

and we are going in to record for that right away, too.

Mike: With Jesse at Wreck-age, of course.

Jonny: He's totally cool, I mean, he did so many local bands, The Attack, Three Inches—he knows punk rock. He's just rad, you know? It's like you go to another city, and guys aren't into what you're doing. It's like, Jesse just knows, man. It's cool.

Mike: If you fuck up, he'll be patient with you, and if it's good, you know. He tells you straight up. Encourages you, and stuff.

With all your new-found authority out on the streets, do you guys seem to be beating heads with Vancouver Police agenda? They are trying to clean up the streets, you know.

Jonny: Well, they don't officially know who we are as a band, but we had a party the final week we lived on Georgia Street which was just the fuckin' classic shit, man. We brought a couple of quarter pipes into the living room, so there was this huge session going down in the house. Big wall-rides and stuff. At about 1:30am, the cops came, and they came with the intent to just main the occupants of the house. No warnings, no fucking questions asked, they just started beating people down. And some kid got his lung punctured. And that's a whole bunch of lame shit went down. Total chaos. Corey: They had their dogs and everything... just running through the house macing people, and beating them up.

Jonny: Like I was the first person to talk to them, and I just wanted to sort the situation out... and the police officer is just yelling in my face, "YOU'RE FUCKING WASTED, BUDDY! YOU'RE FUCKING WASTED!" And I was like, "No, we're just running this party, you know, and now I want to rationally sort this out." Then he grabbed me and just threw me off the stairs onto the cement in the front. Like nine stairs, to cement. And well, I landed it. Then a cop with a dog says, "GET MOVIN' BUDDY OR I'LL SICK THIS DOG ON YOU!" But it was all good, I mean, we just circled the block, and then came back, and moved our gear out the back, over to the Three Inches house.

Mike: Yeah, they had like about six people in the paddy wagon, and they just dropped them into the wagon, pepper-sprayed, then dropped them all off on Hastings and Main at five in the morning. Corey: Our friend Adam C made a video tape of the party and it's all on our website... skating in the living room, our last show there, and stuff.

So although the Vancouver Police may have succeeded in cleaning up the party, they certainly couldn't clean up the STREETS, could they?

Jonny: No, they couldn't. They can beat us down, man, but they can never take our spirits. •

Check STREETS on the World Wide Webster: <http://www.geocities.com/questerworms/streets.html>. See STREETS live at Video In, June 6. Bring your skate and get a buck off admission. STREETS ride boards furnished by Antisocial at Main and Broadway, the only "snowboard-free skate shop" in the whole Vancouver area. No bikinis, no bullshit, skater-owned and proud. They would also like to pay some RAD-itude to The Creepy Friendly, Wreck-age Recording, Three Inches of Blood, and the Gnarrogies. Sweet Jesus, who conducted the interview, rides boards furnished by Speedies Skateshop, wears pants by Rex Cax menswear in Mission, BC, and only has himself, and His Father, to be thankful to. Blessed Wishes! •



JIM MUNROE

by Doretta Lau

"You'll want to run this through a spell check—I'm writing you from a feminist science-fiction convention in Madison, Wisconsin and so I can't check it myself," wrote Toronto writer, editor, and publisher Jim Munroe at the end of his email interview. His third novel—a highly politicized sci-fi opus—*Everyone In Silico*, arrived at the DISORDER offices accompanied by an envelope marked "Past Due," which turned out to be a sample invoice directed at one of ten large corporations. *Everyone In Silico* is set in a corporatized future (Vancouver 2036), and it was impossible not to mention the corporations by name. Munroe didn't want to give anyone free advertising, so he invented—among other megacorporations—a coffee chain, a retail clothing giant, and an international beverage company for product placements in his novel. Though no one sent a cheque, several accounting divisions sent funny responses, which can be viewed at www.nomediakings.org.

"Past Due" is a subversive project and the publication of *Everyone In Silico* by No Media Kings is equally so. No Media Kings, Munroe's own indie press was founded to publish his second novel, *Angry Young Spaceman*. His first book, *Flyboy Action Figure Comes With Gasmask*, was a HarperCollins book that received great press and a number of accolades. Due to political reasons, however (explained below in the Q & A), Munroe left the publishing giant. He has since regained the rights to *Flyboy Action Figure* and has made it a free download on his website.

The No Media Kings website also features a number of resources for zine makers and those thinking of self-publishing a book-length work. There's an excellent section titled "If you can make a zine, you can make a book" and other DIY pearls of wisdom.

Above all, it's good to know that with the collapse of book distribution/publishing giant General Publishing/Stoddart and the continued dominance of giant bookstores in Canadian cities, Jim Munroe is around to champion the indie cause in the big, bad literary world.

DISORDER: When were you editor of *Adbusters*?

Jim Munroe: I was managing editor of *Adbusters* between August 1995–August 1996.

How did it influence your philosophy and your approach to being a writer?

My views were already quite similar to those in the magazine before I worked there—it had been my favourite magazine for that reason. But working there showed me that you could create something that was professional-looking without having to hire professionals, as long as the project was well-organized and interesting enough. Also, I learned a lot about media activism by seeing how a creative campaign can get ideas out into the mass culture.

Why did you start your press, No Media Kings?

Three reasons. The first one was that I was never comfortable with

being with HarperCollins, because it was owned by Rupert Murdoch—who owns Fox, NewsCorp, etc.—and his growing power scares me. The second was that, coming from a community of zinesters, I knew that self-publishing could be just as legitimate as publishing with a corporation—and that me choosing to do so rather than stay with HarperCollins would expose a wider audience to this idea. Thirdly, because I had the experience with a corporate house, I knew what their process was firsthand—and that, with my background, I had developed a process that was just as effective. Did your background in zines help with self-publishing your books?

Beyond teaching me how to do desktop publishing, editing, and distributing my writing, zines also allowed me to build up a network of designers, editors, and supporters that were absolutely essential skills in making books. I also got tons of feedback on what people did and didn't like about my writing and ideas, which I never would have gotten if I'd gone the more traditional route.

How does having a hands-on approach to all aspects of publishing (from writing to production to promotion) affect your output as a writer?

Well, the main thing it did for me was that when I was writing my first full-length novel, I knew it would be published—I expected that I would be publishing it myself. A lot of writers quit writing their novels because they lose faith that it'll ever get published, but I was free to write as controversially and explicitly as I wanted to—these turned out to be the fresh and exciting things that made it appeal to readers and even, ironically, the editor of a corporate publisher in NYC!

Would you go back to a publishing house?

I actually have a publishing house in the US—an indie called Four Walls Eight Windows—because it's a lot harder to promote and distribute your books in a foreign country. But I'm having too much fun with No Media Kings to give it over to another publisher... for now, at least.

What is your writing process like?

I write 5000 words a week, which takes me about four sessions of three-four hours each time. Six months later, I have a novel.

Who or what do you find influential?

Messos Lee's sublime videozines; Chris Ware's brilliant comic epic; the Weakerthans' John Samson, my favorite poet; the fantastic people who set up my tour dates; my lady Susan Bustos, who works at a job when she's not playing bass; Sandy Plotnikoff, who shows art on a laundry line.

How long did it take to complete *Everyone In Silico*?

Six months, another two to edit and another four to publish.

Does the title *Everyone In Silico* reference advertising of a certain major clothing corporation? (Okay, I mean the Gap.)

Yep! "In Silico" is a genetics term.

How do you feel about cultural icons participating in Gap advertisements? When I discovered that DJ Spooky, Chan Marshall (Cat Power), and Blonde Redhead had done these ads, I suffered moments of "I can't believe it." The only bright side to it was that I found out that the husband and wife team of Paul Auster and Siri Hustvedt had turned down this deal with the devil.

I think it's creepy and awful.

I liked your "Past Due" project. Did you have a personal favourite response?

I think that flowchart the Gap sent me, depicting the life cycle of an invoice and where I went wrong, amused me the most.

Please tell me about your book tour, how you organized it and how it all went.

I did a 13-city tour in 15 days, and it was awesome. My pal Joe Ollmann, the *Exclaim* cartoonist, co-toured with his wonderful book, *Chewing On Tinfol*—and since it was a comic he couldn't do a reading, so he did a puppet show instead to depict two of the stories. Most of the east coast dates also featured the piano stylings of Mr. Samuel Andreyev, a 21-year-old man about town. So we threw comics, novels, and music together in for what we called the Indie Smorgasbord tour. It was entirely set up on the goodness of people on the No Media Kings mailing list—for instance, in Vancouver, Hinterland's John Lucas pulled it together and his band also did a set. We went from there to Halifax, crashing on couches and floors in a mansion, a farm, a punk house—an incredible variety in people and places. Maybe three or four duds in the whole tour, which is a really good success rate!

What are you currently working on?

I'm currently working on issue two of *Novel Amusements*, which is a CDROM zine I do that compiles a bunch of vids and animated stuff from a whole bunch of people. The theme for this issue is "Teenaged Boys and Other Animals." See www.nomediakings.org/novela.htm for more info.

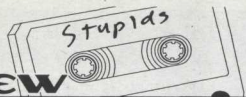
What advice do you have to writers trying to decide between going to an established publishing house and doing it themselves?

Keep the risks low if you do self-publish—do zines, chapbooks, comics before you sink money into doing stuff that's slick-looking. You'll learn what you do and don't like about self-publishing, and it may—as it did with me—become a life-long addiction. •

Trust me, you should check out www.nomediakings.org. You won't be disappointed, even if you have a dial-up modem and a crappy computer.

under review

recorded media



CAPITOL K Island Row (NY)

I usually can't listen to electronic music for too long: all the bleeps and blurbs make me think, "Is that my pager?" "Whose phone is ringing?" But I must open my mind. When rock and pop are added to electronics, melody morphs with machinery. (How many points do I get for alliteration? None? Okay.) On *Island Row* the mix is just right. **Capitol K** is Kristian Robinson from London. It is a mostly mellow collection of songs, but energetic enough that you'll want to listen to it at the beginning of the evening, not the end. There is a pop quality to tracks like "Anon" and "Pillow." And "Capitol Beat Sticky" is a song I'll want to hear on my next all-night drive through the mountains. The main reason I can't stop listening to this CD can be summed up quite easily: guitar. It brings a familiarity when the sampling threatens to get out of control. (See "bleeps and blurbs," opening sentence.) The mostly quiet, acoustic guitar is present in the best songs on this album. The

crashing guitar feedback in a song like "Monster" on the other hand, is too much of a jolt after being lulled by a blissful song like "Heat." But the ambient "Duffle Coat" soon restores balance. Kristian Robinson listened to **The Clash** and **Sonic Youth** while growing up, along with **ABBA** and marching band music. I don't know what to make of that, but **Capitol K** does. As he sings in "Soundwaves": "One of my favorite things is soundwaves." Me too.

Jana

CRAY Undo (BiP-HoP)

Have you ever pressed your face up to carpet carpet? And after this carpet shag, up to a piece of sandpaper? Rubbing your face around, delicately, even erotically, over the rough stubble? No? Well: you now have the perfect chance to perform this strange act aurally with Cray's carefully textured album. Australia's Cray, a.k.a. Ross Healy, lays down the shag with the first track, "Motherboard," which sets up the ears for what is to be a granular-

microsound excursion. The sonic plane is inviting, and crackly, like crickets; and then out of Blue—for I can only tell you, now, that this is Blue—arises the poking of the Sun. It's a Greek Sun, the Sun that burnt many wax wings but also shone brightly on Achilles' armour. It's the Dawn of the Beauty of the Computer Age, and the motherboard is the Monolith of Circuitry. Soon, however, the Universe has changed. A Zoo emerges out of the hilarity of chaos, and a monkey plays organ chords over the distorted animal signals, the languages spiralling out of control, hyper-accelerated and sped up beyond comprehension: "Usker," "Forna," the track names pass by like the music, as we delve deeper into the circuitry, until the bleeps and the switching processors notice our presence—"Mar562001" and I think my CD player is speaking to me in binary. Finally, it decides to assault me—probably a good thing as what I was doing to its 1/8" headphone jack was nasty. It's "W4d56-broadband" time, according to the tracklisting, and shortly

after the pandemonium is the unpronounceable and just as wire-grating "rvrsldle." I think, in our travels, we are somewhere around the processor: a big, shiny God, a Thor of sorts, some sort of bowel-Earth God (or is it the heart of the Sun?) because the processor is HOT and it is melting our ability to hear: the sounds recede, while only certain tonalities press through, like keystrokes, into our receptive, fibrous ear canals! Sounds, high-pitched, telephone, blips and bleeps and xylophone schizophrenic orchestras: it's the noise of sound, the stuff we usually don't hear in our way inwards, as our brain—the processor—tends to sift it all out into musical cadences and emotional meanings. Well, no longer: I've been aurally fucked and I've got carpet burn. Which leaves us, may I add, in perfect repose for the digital cigarette, "rd0blst," each inhalation ping-ponging sonar-deep into the bowels of my neural networks, just me and my CD player and the probing appendages that are CRAY.

tobias v

NOFX

45 or 46 songs that weren't good enough to go on our other records.

(Fat Wreck Chords)

I suppose that NOFX is the first "cool" band that I ever listened to. *S&M Airlines* provided a stark contrast to the Bryan

Adams, *Crash Test Dummies*, and *Pearl Jam* records which had previously cluttered my shelves. Fat Mike's whiney vocals were funny, sarcastic, political, and everything I thought was cool in my 14th year. With this kind of background, I loved 45 or 46 songs that weren't good enough to go on our other records, a compilation of NOFX music that is exactly like the title suggests. These songs suck. The songwriting is boring, they screw up, and sometimes they stop mid-song to chat. This is NOFX saying "fuck you" and laughing when you pay 24 bucks for a double album full of shit. But you know, with tracks like "Drugs are Good," "Please Stop Fucking my Mom," and "Always Hate Hippies"—and because I didn't pay for it—I couldn't help but enjoy this record. If you've been listening for as long as I have, you know that this is what NOFX is. Enjoy it for what it's worth.

Dave Gaertner

THE RED LIGHT STING Rub em Down, Rub em Out EP (Sound Virus)

A lot is said about a "melodic hard-core band" whose guitar player doesn't use a foot switch. The Red Light Sting relies on dynamics, taking turns rocking out, clever arrangements, keyboard noise, dissonant chords and many other paps to keep it interesting. Just when I am overwhelmed by "raw-rav-

gaw-raw-gaw" they play "la la blab!" and my mind and ears are refreshed.

These songs are best heard played live as rocking out to the maximum is enjoyable. Nevertheless, this CD captures their live energy very well. It's nice to hear enough of the words to be able to follow along with the lyric sheet and the bass is really nice sounding; very fat and when it gets loud it distorts warmly.

The piano composition on "Dirt Eating Zombies" is really pretty. The phrasing of the melody is quick yet somber and reflective while the chords plunk beautifully. I also love the noises in the background (I am a sucker for noises). As the last track, this song really fills out the CD as a whole.

The Sting's music makes me think of *Wet-Nap*, *Wrong period No Means No*, and countless bands I have seen play at Seyllyn Hall over the last seven years. However, there is a wedge made of unknown materials that separates this band from anything I have ever heard. Go see them play and dance until stuff falls out of your mouth and we laugh.

Todd M

under review
continues on the
next page!

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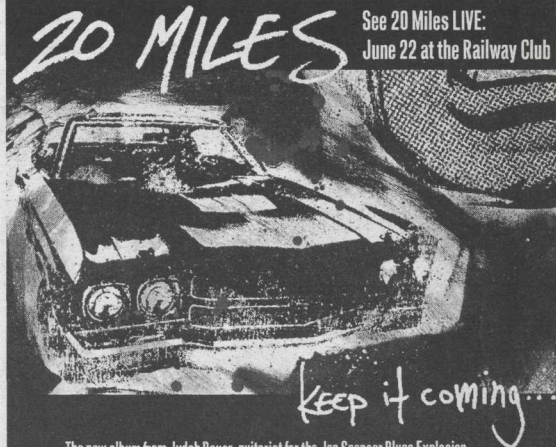
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17 DISORDER

THREE INCHES OF BLOOD
Battlery Under a Winter Sun
 (Neenage Rampage)
 Tu-metal, you're going down! Real metal has officially reclaimed its title in the heavy rock domain.

Three Inches of Blood reign supreme with *Battlery Under a Winter Sun*. The six warriors of hard, fast (rap-*free*) rock have put the heavy back in metal. *Battlery* is a classic metal CD reminiscent of simpler times, when jeans were worn so tight that a coat-hanger was required to zip them up and beer balls were sold at the local liquor store. Yeast infections were the norm and condoms were a foreign concept.

Those days are gone now. But thanks to songs like "Ride Darkhorse, Ride" and "Balls of Ice," the memory still lives on. Our saviours of authentic maelstrom metal may be too young to have lived through that pivotal era of rock, but they seem to have captured the essence of "Run to the Hills" without knocking it off. For instance, the gang hymns on several tracks add a personal touch of pilser-shot-gunning testosterone that makes banging your head along so much the sweeter.

While "Lady Deathwish" confirms *Three Inches* understand the importance of including the quintessential venom-spewing-mistress-of-evil song; core heads can rest assured that there are no power ballads to be found on this CD. However, "Journey to the Promiseland," written and performed by **STREETS**, provides a nice break from the whiplash that may occur from the first half of the CD.

Battlery Under a Winter Sun is a reminder of what metal was meant to be. Now if we could just bring back beer balls.

Phyllis Oatis

MARY TIMONY The Golden Dove (Matador)

I never got to see **Mary Timony** when she was in *Helium*. I was probably too young or too uncool when they came to Vancouver. Probably a mixture of both. (Fear of leaving the house and anxiety attacks when faced with the prospect of having to converse with other human beings... I've already sunk into way too much information territory.) But I got to see her at *Ladyfest* in Olympia a couple of years back and she blew everyone away. I can't remember who else played now, except maybe **Sleater-Kinney**. That's how good Timony was. She's how good Timony was. She survived my bad memory.

Anyhow, I thrashed Donovan (he was too busy rising above my small world of irony to really care) in order to get to review this CD, and it was well worth dishing out a beating to get *The Golden Dove* into my stereo. My copy of Timony's

debut, *Mountains*, is slightly worn from being played repeatedly. *The Golden Dove* sees Timony do that thing she does: combine minor keys with fantasy lyrics to produce a sound that is hers alone. I'm not digging *The Golden Dove* as much as *Mountains* thus far, but it's good nonetheless. (On another note: Mary Timony and Nina Nastasia, in Seattle! Playing together! Well worth braving the border crossing and possible body cavity searches to see them.)

Doretta Lau

VARIOUS ARTISTS the freest of radicals (No Type)

One of the oldest MP3 labels on the internet takes a jump into CD production this month with the release of four new albums, including this double-CD compilation of No Type artists. David Turgeon's No Type has remained an outsider label, showcasing in-between experimental styles bordering electronic music, noise, minimalism, and musique concrete. At its best, it is challenging, evocative, and stimulating; at its worst—which is rare—it is noisy and too easily pigeonholed as noise or hardcore. However, this compilation, if a

pigeon, ate its own shadow, leaving no hole for it to climb through. Such a diverse amount of styles are represented—from **Tomas Jirku's** subtle minimal groove "I think I'm in love" to the bass-tone work of **Le Chien Borge** and the tonal-cuts of **Julie Rousse's** "une à six idées improvisées"—that I can only summarize them briefly in parentheses and short comments here. As a purchase—for don't we all want practical reviews now?—the double-pack is well worth the effort, for its vast depth is breathtaking in its collection of artists and styles whose talents are undeniable. There are few compilations out there that touch upon so many issues in contemporary, we could say non-academic, experimental music. Like **BiP-HoP**, No Type is dedicated to the odd, the obtuse, and the wicked in the genres of microsound, noise, IDM—it's really a milieu of all these catchwords, leaving the listener strangely comfortable in a sea of sound despite that fact the she is lost beyond compare, a veritable Alice in the hands of someone who has lost all language, all speech to tell musical directions: above, all, Alice is in the land of No Type...

lobius v

Volunteer with Disorder!

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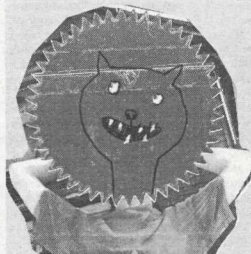
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7 inch



by Bryce Dunn

Howdy folks! Y'all get the bite-size version this month, seeing as how yours truly's a little low on dough and, unlike my ears, the build-up of wax has been scarce 'round these parts. But lemme tell you what I've got for ya—a triple threat from TKO Records, for starters.

Here's how our contestants finish up: first through the gate is **BOTTLES & SKULLS**, with a full-on hardcore workout on their EP *Think Black Flag* (Damaged-era) vocals combined with **Poison Idea's** crunch rhythm section and you get the songs "War Machine," "My Rifle," and "California Greenback." Wrap it in a cool Derek Hess-inked sleeve and it's off to the local skate park to carve the bowl, dude.

Coming up close behind are **THE KUNG FU KILLERS** with an equally thrashy two-song trailblazer. "KFK Theme" goes for the punk rock jugular, and "Wasting Time" mops up the mess, with a nod to The Vin-

dictives, or maybe a slightly heavier **Sloppy Seconds**, with emphasis on the vocal delivery of the aforementioned. Clean—but not squeaky—guitar and thick production help push the Killers to the top of their game.

And bringing up the rear are **THE RIFFS**, who lag behind with a couple of **Dead Boys** meets **Sex Pistols** rock punk tunes ("Such a Bore" b/w "Coming Back"). The music is played competently enough, but the singer sounds flatter than two-month old ginger ale. Better luck next time, kiddo: (TKO Records, 4104 24th St. #103, San Francisco, CA 94114).

Boy, do I like **THE SELBY TIGERS**. Their new single on Dirtydog Records is like a ray of sunshine filtered through Geordie Laforce visor-like glasses. It makes me want to run outside and jump in a puddle dressed in duct-tape pants. It makes me want to play the key-*tar*. It makes me want to see them live. "Snobal" and "Tell it to The Judge" are quirky songs

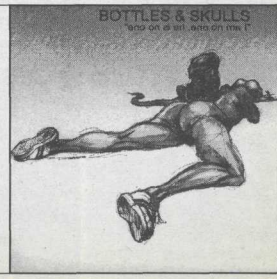
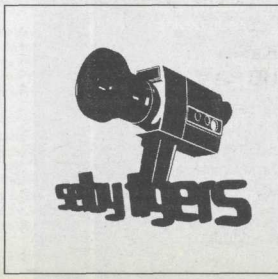
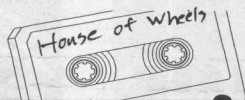
that remind me of the punk-wave flair of **The Rezillos** (not as spazzy mind you) and that's a good thing. (PO Box 21249, Seattle, WA 98111)

THE CATO SALSA EXPERIENCE know a good thing when they hear it, judging from their zealous take on the '60s garage/R&B feel of "So, The Circus Is Back In Town." However, I'm not sure if they're

excited about the big top or tube-tops when lead singer Cato Salsa belts out the line "I like to dress up in drag/I like the feeling of being bad." Oh okay, I get it, THAT kind of circus. "Rock and Roll Satisfaction" is like two little songs in one, the first half a raucous MCS-minded strut and the second half turning to a slower blues-like swag, and just

before they can kick into gear again, (you can hear the four-count on drumstick intro), it cuts off, leaving you slightly confused but all the more bemused that this combo from Norway have these crazy ideas in their heads. (Emperor Norton Records, www.emperornorton.com)

There she be, short and sweet. 'Til next month! •



New Music West

Tales from an Aging Scenester

by Val Cormier, Aging Scenester

I'd hoped to hit SXSW in Austin again this year as I did two years ago (see May 2000 DISORDER) but time and budget wouldn't permit. Besides, I say—right about what I preach and support the local scene? Pass in hand and sensible shoes on feet, I set out to do just that at New Music West, the Little Festival/Conference That Could/Should/Would.

Thursday began pleasantly enough with a stroll down Granville—which is looking an awful lot like Austin's famous Sixth Street, dare I say—right about what I preach and support the local scene? Pass in hand and sensible shoes on feet, I set out to do just that at New Music West, the Little Festival/Conference That Could/Should/Would.

Decided not to ignore the Puffy Ami Yumi hype and high-tailed it to the Vogue to see part of their set. Highly catchy and fun: hell, if I were half my age I'd have been down in the mosh pit. However, when I was half my age nobody owned those pricey camcorders and designer duos. PAF's rhythm section was impressive and one metal (?) tune transported me back to high-school gravel pit parties in the Kootenays. Ahh... straight from the Kootenays. Time for another beverage. Next stop was the Yale, where the half-full joint was jumpin' to the hot zydeco of Louisiana's Rosie Ledet. Such a pity this event was under-publicized because her band could play rings around most other musicians at NMW. However, I don't think the young scenesters would've approved of, or survived, the sight of soccer moms (and pops) gettin' down on the dance floor.

Last stop on night #1 was the Penthouse, where I chatted with some Calgary media types, as well as various local musos there to check out Bottleneck and NMW poster kids Radiogram. New paint and no more runway in this strip joint, but I swear I saw Ken take a swing on the pole during their set. Eww. But not a bad night, over-

all. I'm sure Beatle Bob would've approved.

Unlike SXSW, my Friday at NMW was interrupted by the ole day job, which, however, provided a fine excuse to pass on the Gene Simmons and Matthew Good speeches that afternoon. After a short nap it was off to Richard's on Richards to see Fred Eaglesmith. The crowd was sparse and surprisingly light on rowdy Fredheads. Corb Lund Band from Edmonton pulled off a killer country-rock set, which included a cameo appearance by Nickelback's drummer and "Cover of the Rolling Stone." (Dang, am I really old enough to remember the original version of that song?) Fred's set was fairly lame—was in a bad mood and crappy sound didn't help. Outside I had a very SXSW Moment when a complete stranger came up to me for a casual chat. Gasp! In Vancouver! Turned out she was from Montréal and thought Fred wasn't any great shakes either. We parted ways at the Vogue, where Oliver Mjukuzi from Zimbabwe was playing. Amazing Afro-pop and fabu dancing.

Hopped in cab to explore the quite pleasant emo-pop sounds of Motion Soundtrack at Ms. T's Cabaret. First time I'd experienced that quaint dive and first time in many moons I'd been carded. (All those who know my true age can stop laughing now...) Next stop was the Commodore to sate my curiosity about this man they call Matthew Good. There's 20 minutes of my life I'll never get back. Downstairs at the Commodore Café the hippie-hemp crowd was in overdrive. Didn't catch the name of the band; didn't need to. Nice to have a place to sit for a few minutes. The Constantines were just taking the stage at the Pic when I arrived and helped restore my faith in the taste of the younger set. However, I was fading on the way and forsook this chock-full-of-scenesters crowd in favour of the Railway. Bocephus King was rockin' that joint but to a smaller crowd than usual. Put my feet up and, strangely enough, met the Constantine dude who'd been name-checked mere minutes ago at the Pic.

Saturday I decided, for my first time ever, to check out the conference portion of NMW at Robson Square. Disorganization ruled supreme—unlike, say (yeah, you know it's coming...) SXSW. No coffee for early arrivals? Travesty. Picked up the NMW compilation, which had a surprisingly healthy chunk of roots bands on it this

year. (Oh bandwagon, where art thou?) The day started off well enough with New-Agey-but-not-too remarks from Chief Leonard George. Peter Garrett of Midnight Oil followed with the requisite bite-the-hand remarks which were, according to one delegate, "refreshing" compared to Gene Simmons' speech the previous day. I sat through as much of the Nickelback circle-jerk session as I could stand before grabbing lunch upstairs and returning for the radio panel. Yet more wanking, for the most part, with CITR's Bryce Dunn doing his damndest to uphold our station's surly-teenager reputation among the commercial jocks.

The T-Bone Burnett session was insightful and informative, despite professional moron Terry David Mulligan's best efforts to fuck it up. Left the room thinking about T-Bone's assertion that "everything is a drum." Heavy, dude. Home for a quick change and then off to the one and only free-booze-and-food event of NMW (again, no comparison to the drink-and-drown aspects of SXSW) at The Drink. The bands ranged from lame to lamer and hit high water mark in Purpleoid, a nouveau-glam (is that what the kids might call it?) and oh-so-schlocky band. However, I was able to consume close to my body weight in fresh oysters from Denman Island. Mmm. After I was denied entrance to the SRO Midnight Oil show at the Commodore, I headed to the quiet confines of the Marine Club for the remainder of the night. This club-hopping stuff's for the kids. Swank and Los Furiros were just fine, in any case, so why leave? We did manage one last leg-stretching stroll to the Pic to catch the end of The Gay's set. Gay? Oh so very. (Not that there's anything wrong with that.)

I've heard that this year's NMW was up in attendance numbers, no doubt helped along by the good weather. Good for them. New Music West has a lot of potential and room for growth and I suspect, in typical Vancouver fashion, many locals would "suddenly" miss it if it disappeared. I certainly didn't run into the long lines, insanely long waits for cabs or pricey wristbands I'd witnessed at SXSW. I'd give NMW a solid B, and I'm a hard marker.

Maybe what this music festival/conference needs are some SXSW celebs to bless our dear, provincial little event. Oh Beatle Bob, where art thou? •

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JOHN FORD
Friday, April 26

The Pic
After seeing John Ford live, it's hard to believe that Nickelback is the band that's putting Vancouver's music scene on the map.

The April 26 show at the Piccadilly Pub surpassed all expectations, which were fairly high to begin with. After all, some of Canadian rock's most influential people have been singing Ford's praises, including the two Gordies, Johnson of Big Sugar is producing their current album, and Downie of The Hip recently emblazoned his seal of approval by sporting Ford merchandise on stage.

Their ragged unfettered approach to roots rock proved more than worthy of these celebrity endorsements. Ford was relentless in their versatility and showmanship, sharing singing duties, swapping instruments and inviting people on stage. The local four piece band made switching gears, from a pure alt-country ballad called "Clean" to "Bullets,"—a more straight-up rock 'n' roll tune—seem like second nature. They

blasted through the rest of their Stones-infused set with the confidence of a band primed to make the move from a touring van to a touring bus.

Another sign that this band won't be loading in their own gear for much longer was the unusual amount of new faces. The regular reps, writers, and promoters were still out in full force, but the band's fan base has obviously broadened beyond the same 200 core music fans that sustain Vancouver shows. Their biggest fan, Pete Bastard, was front row and centre singing the words to every song with the enthusiasm of someone out on a day pass from Riverview... or maybe he's always like that.

After rocking every which way they could, Ford came back for two encores. The first song was an unapologetic homage to one of their greatest influence, "I'm Just Waiting on a Friend," which Rich Hope dedicated to his "lady." Despite limited space on the Pic stage, the band made room for a somewhat seasoned Stones fan who pushed her somewhat seasoned ass through the crowd to take her own microphone and join in the chorus.

For their last encore, Ford turned the packed Pic into a regular hootenanny with drummer Adrian Mack taking lead vocals for an honest to goodness cornbread-fried southern fried tune, "Whaddyathink About That."

The John Ford experience merely confirmed that they deserve all the industry props they get. Check them out soon. Who knows... this time next year JF could be singing the theme song to *Spiderman the Sequel*.

Phyllis Oats

NASTY ON
SHIKASTA
HOTWIRE
DAVID DONDERO
Friday, May 3

The Pic
Maybe I'm a little more lonely than I care to admit, or maybe it's just the wine talking, but seeing Shikasta live can only be likened to a really good fuck. I want more and want it all night long. If listening to lead singer/bassist Russell Fernandes grind out all the sexually-driven blues he has in his soul doesn't make you randy, then you need to adjust your anti-depressant cocktail (may I suggest a little less Lithi-

um and perhaps a tad more Paxil in your diet).

The blues trio from Toronto worked harder on May 6 than almost any band I've seen at The Pic (and trust me, I've seen more than I care to admit). The Immortal Lee County Killers came to mind—the first time, when they opened for Bob Log III and made him look like a has-

been novelty.

Sandwiched in between Hotwire and Nasty On and possessed with the soul of James Brown, Fernandes exploded through every song as though his whole body had been aching to get that lyric and bass line out of his system. Yet for some reason, the rocketing acceleration of blues didn't seem to phase most

of the patrons. Many chose to remain seated like they were listening to Lee Aaron sing "Mack the Knife" at Cloud 9 and not a kick-ass blues band at a packed smoky bar.

Obviously, a majority of people came to see the other acts on this particularly eclectic night, including singer/songwriter David Dondero, who had the misfortune of playing first—therefore, boring his soul to the half-empty Pic. He strummed through a short set, singing quirky songs about heroic waiters and the pain of his parents' divorce. After talking to him in between sets, it was apparent his quirk was no act.

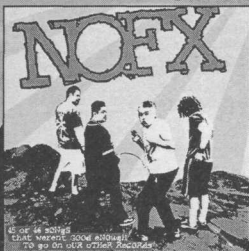
Next was Hotwire, who hit the stage with a lot of hair product and a lot of attitude—your standard glam rock fare. The local four-piece whipped the crowd into a mild frenzy with "Lick it Up," proving you can never go wrong with a Kiss cover. Finally, Nasty On headlined and yes, lead singer Jason Grimmer rocked... but then again he always does.

Aside from the lame reception from the very same Vancouverites who always complain that there's not enough live music in this city, it was a near perfect show. Except, Fernandes didn't play my favorite song, "Anyone Else." Just as well; the words "I want you to know I came to get down" only makes me pine for someone I haven't met yet, a combination of sad

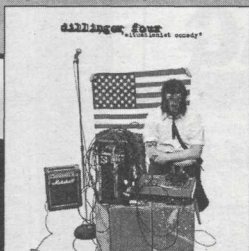


JOHN FORD PLAYS THE PICCADILLY
PHOTO BY PHYLLIS OATS

Just like Repo Man, but no aliens.



NOFX
"45 or 46 songs that weren't good enough to go on our other records"
OUT NOW on 2CD/LP



DILLINGER FOUR
"Situationist Comedy"
OUT JUNE 4th on CD/LP



NO USE FOR A NAME
"Hard Rock Bottom"
OUT JUNE 18th on CD/LP



and horny—i.e., lonely. I guess there are some voids rock can't fill, but seeing Shikasta live comes pretty damn close.

Phyllis Oatis

CHARGERS STREET GANG THE INTERNATIONAL PLAYBOYS

Monday, May 6
The Pic
Attention rock hos: if star fucking is your game, start going to shows Sunday through Wednesday. Who cares if you have to work the next day. The sheer statistical odds of bagging a rock star are highly in your favour. Only the truly devoted make it out on Sunday through Wednesday.

Monday, April 6 was no exception. Like a Greek pool hall, there were virtually no women on the Piccadilly premises. Me and my bitches had our choice of any of the 10 rock stars that graced the stage.

The International Playboys kicked our asses the way only an opening act you've never heard of can do on a sleepy weeknight. The Missoula, Montana five-piece were playing some pretty fucked-up shit. "Teasers" was a dirty little number with some blues undertones, while "Talkin' Trash" melded punk rock with a disco beat. At times I didn't know whether I should do the hustle or slam dance.

Lead singer Monte Carlo is a true rock star—not a manufactured nu-metal pretty boy, but a hardened, soulful 23-year-old, who looks about 46. With Sideshow Bob hair and perverted stage persona, he was born to entertain. I can't imagine what kind of a day job this lunatic could possibly hold down.

Fully expecting Chargers Street Gang to be a let-down after The Playboys, I was again blown away. "You Fucking Broke my Heart Again," a true punk rock anthem, had me screaming along to the chorus as if the CD had been on heavy rotation at my house all my life. The Cleveland, Ohio quintet were madmen, not only making good use of space on stage, but the whole bar. The spastic energy of karate kicking singer, Joe Holzheimer, made most punk rock singers look like lazy lounge lizards.

Despite two kick-ass perfor-

mances, the highlight of the night had to be the all-star jam at the end. I turned my back for a minute to check out the merch table, when I was told to look up. Lo and behold, my friends, E-Mac and A-Gee, had been lured away by the temptation of the spotlight. They weren't alone: Bryce (CITR) Dunn, Jay (Halo) Millette, Brian (Fetche) Laman-na, and Siobhan DuVal were all on stage with the Chargers, shaking tambourines and maracas, singing "G.L.O.R-I-A." My only regret is not saving any film in my camera for the spectacle, but the image will be forever saved in my mental hard drive.

Both bands are a must-see the next time they find their way north on the 49th parallel, even if it's on a, say, Tuesday. And remember, ladies: the odds are in your favour, so don't forget to shave.

Phyllis Oatis

SALTINES HOT LITTLE ROCKET MONEEN WAKING EYES THE ORGAN Thursday, May 9 The Pic

The Organ was the first band to play for a fast-filming house at The Pic, and these CITR Shindig semifinalists have only improved since those early performances. Plaintive in their pop sound, The Organ's show no regard for any line between melancholy and happiness. This was the first of two shows the busy band played at NMW.

Next, Waking Eyes took things to a brisker pace, with oldie-style pop melodies that would have Brian Wilson happily chomping on New York steak in approval. Rod "Duotang" Slaughter, a Winnipeg friend of the band, contributed bass and vocals.

Calgarians Hot Little Rocket took the stage next, with all of their usual bluster. As a unit, this band is creative and plays incredibly well together, which prevents their swings from murmuring to noise from feeling repetitive.

Sometimes, one finds himself torn between the nouns "onslaught" and "barrage" in describing a situation. That's where he's reviewing a Moneen show. The many fans who

crowded the stage in anticipation were not disappointed by the energy and intensity that have given Moneen's concerts such a strong reputation. Kind of like Hum in an exuberant mood, Moneen's "meddedy x aggression" rating is difficult to chart.

Finishing off the night were The Saltines. The Saltines' songs were great, but the band seemed to be in strangely poor spirits, bickering on stage over the sound or the set list or whatever else. Their performance reminded me of visiting a friend's house for dinner, and then watching the family get into an old argument over dessert. Perhaps the band's harmony was spent after their earlier NMW gig as Jordy Birch's band at the much-heralded Puffy Ami Yumi show.

Michael Schumann

LITTLE WINGS CASIOTONE FOR THE PAINFULLY ALONE BURQUITLAM PLAZA Monday, May 13 Sugar Refinery

I was super disappointed that the Birthday Machine had withdrawn from the show. Burquitlam Plaza helped ease the pain, momentarily pulling me from my sadness. Nick from piano did his usual funny covers and sweet songs. He covered Destiny's Child. Well, he laughed his way through "Bills, Bills, Bills." He probably would have been able to keep a straight face had the audience been quiet, but we were all giggling/smiling/cackling. Nick is my new favourite Vancouver kid. (Sorry Kevin Cheng, but covering Destiny's Child is hard to beat.) This is my mini wish list of Burquitlam Plaza covers: "Papa Don't Preach," "Ride Wit Me," and that song with the chorus that goes "she's a man eater."

When Casiotone for the Painfully Alone (one guy wearing an argyle sweater who seemed kind of teddy bear-ish) was warming up, I thought he was going to create music that would scare the shit out of us. He had four or five amps stacked up on top of each other. He also had a different keyboard for every song, so that when he ran out of keyboards, he ran out of songs. He sang, but I couldn't hear what he was singing. His music

wasn't scary, just keyboards and distortion. I kept saying, "I am a keyboard for every song!" He was good at stating the obvious.

Little Wings. What can I say about Little Wings? Well, he played baroque, wearing a white jesus robe with a Mexican blanket over top. His songs were possibly funny, or he was possibly funny. I'm not sure which. I do know that I got distracted by a series of drawings that Scott Malin did where all the characters said "fuck." Okay, so I didn't get Little Wings. Other people did, though, and I bet his mother loves him.

Dorella Lau

MERZBOW Friday, May 17 Open Space Gallery (Victoria)

From the demon flowers of Mount Tolmie to the Rosicrucian lamps on Singsong Street, the Victoria evening flowered with perfume, wine, and cigar smoke—a childish parody of sophistication in a city whose twilight was consecrated to the young as they fed on each other, rather than the calculating consumption of the young by the old. In the tragic moral numbness of this, the Virgin City, whose youth cannibalize each other in a bloodless cycle of dying and deflowering, emotional, pornographic narratives reproduce at an unnatural rate. And on this night, in an upstairs gallery off a downtown street near the harbour, extreme noise artist Merzbow proceeded with his own unconscious multiplication of the uncanny. Following in the aesthetic philosophy of Kurt Schwitters—whose original "Merzbau" (Merz=Schwitters' own variation on German Dadaism; bau="building") were colossal, polyhedral, plaster sculptures which branched from the walls and floors of his various studios, constantly under construction (prefiguring contemporary Constructivist and later Minimalist experiments in the aesthetic interplay of sculptural forms), Merzbow uses electronically synthesized noise to construct organic abstract sound structures at tremendous volume. Most of the darkly clad hipsters in attendance on this particular organic evening could do no more than shut their eyes while Akita Masami, wordless kappa monster, sat, under a single lamp at a desk with two lap tops, masterminding the destruction and reforming of the sonic landscapes crashing around them. With earplugs or without, snail-mind was induced instantaneously. Nestled in these holy strata of sound, my presence was a toxin: when the hour-long set was finished and Masami silently left the room, we were paralyzed.

Dorella Lau

wasn't scary, just keyboards and distortion. I kept saying, "I am a keyboard for every song!" He was good at stating the obvious.

DESTROYER Saturday, May 25 The Blinding Light! Cinema

The first night of CBC Radio Three's 120seconds.com Digital Film Festival featured Ben Neville and Randy Jones, which

would have interested Tobias V. But he is in Montreal and did not attend the screening/music event. Nor did I. Word from 120seconds.com's Carma Livingston was that the first evening was the well-attended and most of the audience stayed for the films and left when the music started. I digress, however, because night one is not the subject of this review.

On night two, Vancouver's indie rock scenesters were out in full force with one thing on their minds: the first live performance from Vancouver's beloved Destroyer in a long time. Thank you to organizer Andrea Gin for pulling another live music miracle. (Gin convinced The Battles, who had been on something of a performance hiatus at the time, to play at her Turf Magazine Birthday Party last October.) Next to me, I am, I made my friend Aaron, Dan Bejar worshipping geek that he is, accompany me to the Blinding Light at 7:30 so we would be assured seats. But we were not the only nerds shuffling about. There were many other ironic black frame glasses-wearing, thrift store shirt-sporting, library card-carrying nerds waiting patiently for ticket sales to begin. Of course, everyone was way too cool to hyperventilate, but the mentality was pretty much the same as if we were 10 year-old girls standing in line to buy tickets for Britney Spears.

Three and a half hours later, after screening eight short films (including a documentary about competitive karaoke, a super funny music video for Cassio King World Provider, and the "so good on so many levels" (quote from former CITR Secretary Ian Mosby) "It Hurts Because You're Weak," which was reminiscent of the CKY videos, where skate kids do all kinds of death-defying stunts and do gross things like pick at scabs), and a brief intermission, Destroyer finally went onstage. Bejar was joined by Chris Frey (bass, vocals), Nic Bragg (guitar, vocals), and Fisher Rose (drums). Behind the band, a Destroyer-made video played onscreen. All our anticipation was met with magic. (Now who sounds like a Dan Bejar-worshipping geek?) Before the fourth song, Bejar told the audience it was the last song. But he was joking. I think if he hadn't been joking, there might have been serious violence, or at least some passive-aggressive staring contests.

Yes, it was a good show. I'm never one for analysis, just observation, so you'll have to find some other nerd with an encyclopedic knowledge of all things Destroyer to get the full, play-by-play breakdown. What I can offer is this: from all appearances, it looks like Vancouver has forgiven Dan Bejar for pulling a Tobias—that is, moving to Montreal. But he's back, and one thing is certain: Destroyer's upcoming album on Merge Records is going to be pretty sweet.

Dorella Lau

the (sugar refinery) 1115 granville st. 2nd floor @ holmepk open 5pm - 1am seven days 331-1184

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JUNE 1st ► G-BROS

JUNE 2nd ► SOUTHERN AFRICAN COWBELL

JUNE 4th ► PARALELLA IMPROVISED MUSIC SERIES

JUNE 5th ► 7-9... CHENEDERS INDEPENDENT FILM MAKERS FORUM 10PM - J.P. CARTER TRIO

JUNE 6th ► AN. LODGE

FRI 7th ► FROGYES, BURQUITLAM PLAZA, JOHN RAY FLETCHER, JAY DOUILLARD - whoa

SAT 8th ► FOND OF TIGERS NOT A TOY, COIN GUTIER + THE DIN

SUN 9th ► COLOUR TIEFL

MON 10th ► PO' GIRL

TUES 11th ► PARALELLA SERIES

WEDS 12th ► TONY WILSON TRIO

THURS 13th ► KEVIN HOUSE

FRI 14th ► ALMOST TRANSPARENT BLUE

SAT 15th ► SPRINGER + DUCOMUN

SUN 16th ► STEVEN HORNWOOD PHOTO ACTION 6PM-10:02

10PM ► SEVEN PENNY MAYHEM CABARET

TUES 18th ► PARALELLA SERIES

WEDS 19th ► ELISA ROSE

THURS 20th ► AN. LODGE

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the brothers creeggan



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JULY 3

goldclub PRESENTS

JET TO IBIZA

WITH
RICHIE HAWTIN
JOHN ACQUAVIVA
JOE MILLS

COMMODORE BALLROOM

FRIDAY JULY 19



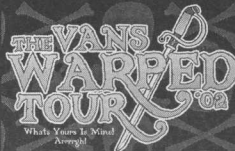
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FLOODING MOLLY & THE CASUALTIES & THE USED
MORRIS HERITAGE & THE START & WANTED DEAD
HOT WATER MUSIC & THE STARTING LINE & MIDTOWN
REDLIN KIDS & USELESS ID & QUARASHI & FINCH
ANTI FLAG & THE MOVIE LIFE & VENDETTA RED
PLACES TO PARK & SMAGGON ISAH
SWITCHED & 1208 & DEATH BY STEREO

BOOTS LIST
Evile Bill Brice Of The Bands & Regan Dynamix & The Porch Zone
Warped Tour Trainers Hunt! & Warped Am Very New? & Fanzine Regan
Lucha Check In & Playstation Challenge & Xotoma Drumming



THE PLAYERS

- MIKE FRAZIER
- JOHN ROKER
- JAY STEVANS
- DAN BRYAN
- MIKE STEDLEY
- RICK THORNE
- MIKE MANCUSO
- COLIN MORRISON
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THE VANCOUVER SUN

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charts



what's being played at CiTR 101.9fm



June Long Vinyl

- | | | |
|--------------------------|-------------------------|-----------------|
| 1 Hanson Brothers | My Game | Mint |
| 2 People Like Us | Recyclopedia... | Mess Media |
| 3 Breeders | Title TK | 4AD |
| 4 Tom Waits | Blood Money | Anti |
| 5 CQ | Soundtrack | Emperor Norton |
| 6 Various Artists | Field and Streams | Kill Rock Stars |
| 7 Elvis Costello | When I Was Cruel | Island |
| 8 Mimosa | Bucolique | Independent |
| 9 Enon | High Society | Touch and Go |
| 10 Various Artists | Verve Remixed | Verve |
| 11 Wilco | Yankee Hotel Foxtrot | Nonesuch |
| 12 Medeski Martin... | Uninvisible | Blue Note |
| 13 Spiffes | Three | Longshot |
| 14 The Beards | Funtown | Sympathy... |
| 15 White Stripes | White Blood Cells | V2 |
| 16 Herbaliser | Something Wicked... | Ninja Tune |
| 17 Cato Salsa Experience | A Good Tip... | Emperor Norton |
| 18 Bob Mould | LiveDog 98 | Granary |
| 19 Ursula 1000 | Kinda Kinky | 18th St. Lounge |
| 20 Bratmobile | Girls Get Busy | Lookout! |
| 21 Cinematic Orchestra | All That You Give | Ninja Tune |
| 22 Le Tigre | Remixes | Mr. Lady |
| 23 DJ Shadow | You Can't Go Home Again | MCA |
| 24 Makers | Strangest Parade | Sub Pop |
| 25 Blackalicious | Blazing Arrow | MCA |
| 26 John Vanderslice | The Life and Death... | Barsuk |
| 27 Fucking Champs | V | Drag City |
| 28 Jivaro | Jivarodelia | Kindercore |
| 29 JSBX | Plastic Fang | Matador |
| 30 Tijuana Bibles | Custom Made EP | Tear it Up |
| 31 Sparrow Orange | Hands and Knees... | Noise Factory |
| 32 NOFX | 45 Or 46 Songs... | Fat Wreck |
| 33 Telepopmusik | Genetic World | E M I |
| 34 The Dudes | This Guy's The Limit | Moustache Wax |
| 35 Three Inches of Blood | Battery... | Teenage Rampage |

June Short Vinyl

- | | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------|----------------|
| 1 Cato Salsa Experience | Picture Disc | Emperor Norton |
| 2 The Spitfires | Juke Box High | Glazed |
| 3 The Riffs | Such A Bore | TKO |
| 4 Songs:Ohia | The Gray Tower | SC |
| 5 Matthew | Stars | Numero |
| 6 Tijuana Bibles | Mexican Courage | Trophy |
| 7 Matt Pond | This is not | Polyvinyl |
| 8 The Cleats | Save Yourself | Longshot |
| 9 Riff Randalis | How Bout Romance | Lipstick |
| 10 The Lollies | Channel Heaven | Evil World |
| 11 Evaporators | Honk the Horn | Nardwuar |
| 12 The Organ | We've Got to Meet | Genius |
| 13 Mea Culpa | Corporate Nation | Empty |
| 14 Destroyer | The Music Lovers | Sub Pop |
| 15 Class Assassins | No Justice | Insurgence |
| 16 Stereo/Ultimate | Split | Popkid |
| 17 Rye Coalition | ZZ Topless | Tigerstyle |
| 18 The Chrome Yellow | Summerside | Northern Light |
| 19 Various Artists | Volume one | Out of Touch |
| 20 Bottles & Skulls | I am one... | TKO |

June Indie Home Jobs

- | | |
|------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 Hextalls | I'm Sick of You |
| 2 Byronico Heroes | I'm a Drunk |
| 3 Red Scare | Try to Give Up |
| 4 The Accident | Perestroika |
| 5 Sharp Teeth | Burn Return |
| 6 Bend Sinister | Untitled |
| 7 Amarillo Stars | You've Seen This Before |
| 8 Ether's Void | It's Over |
| 9 Mr. Plow | |
| 10 Bolest | Wilfor |
| 11 Winks | Aprin Fell |
| 12 Billy the Kid and the Lost Boys | This One's For You |
| 13 Roadbed | JB Fool |
| 14 Too Hectic | As You Were |
| 15 Hot Bingo Bitch | Where Are You, Baby? |
| 16 Dr. Pong | Snapshot |
| 17 Ryan Eugene | Instead, I Sing |
| 18 Six Block Radius | Kill to Hide |
| 19 Groovy Gals | Trash Rap |
| 20 The Whiskey Sour Notes | Discomatic |

HOW THE CHARTS WORK

The monthly charts are compiled based on the number of times a CD/LP ("long vinyl"), 7" ("short vinyl"), or demo tape/CD ("indie home jobs") on CiTR's playlist was played by our DJs during the previous month (ie, "June" charts reflect airplay over May). Weekly charts can be received via email. Send mail to "majordomo@unixg.ubc.ca" with the command: "subscribe citr-charts." •

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your guide to CiTR 101.9fm



SUNDAY

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC

9:00AM-12:00PM All of time is measured by its art. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Easy open.

THE ROCKERS SHOW

12:00-3:00PM Reggae in all styles and fashion.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE

3:00-5:00PM Real cowshit caught-in-her-boots country.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING

alt. 5:00-6:00PM British pop music from all decades.

SAINT TROPEZ

alt. 5:00-6:00PM International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.), '60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet set holiday now!

QUEER FM 8:00-8:00PM

Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues and great music.

RHYTHMSINDIA 8:00-

10:00PM RhythmsIndia features a wide range of music from India, including popular music from Indian movies from the 1930s to the present, classical music, semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhajans, and also Quawwalis, pop and regional language numbers.

THE SHOW 10:00PM-

12:00AM Strictly Hip Hop—Strictly Underground—Strictly Vinyl. With your host Mr. Rumble on the 1 & 2's.

TRANSCENDANCE 12:00-

2:00AM Join us in practicing the ancient art of rising above common thought and ideas as your host, DJ Smiley Mike lays down the latest trance cuts to propel us into the domain of the mystical. <transcendence@hotmail.com> (on hiatus for the summer, will return in August)

BBC WORLD SERVICE 2:00-6:00AM

MONDAY

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-

8:00AM

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS 8:00-11:00AM

Your favourite brownies, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delights!

LOCAL KIDS MAKE GOOD alt.

11:00-1:00PM Local Mike

and Local Dave bring you local music of all sorts. The program most likely to play your band!

GRIFFOOD alt. 11:00-1:00PM

PARTS UNKNOWN 1:00-

3:00PM Underground pop for the minuses with the occasional interview with your host Chris.

STAND AND BE CUNTED 3:00-4:00PM

DJ Hancant wants you to put your fist to the wrist—you know where!

ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS 4:00-

5:00PM A chance for new CiTR DJs to flex their musical muscle. Surprises galore.

WENER'S BARBEQUE 5:00-

6:00PM Join the sports dept. for their coverage of the 17Birds.

CRASH THE POSE alt. 6:00-

7:30PM Hardcore/punk as fuck from beyond the grave.

REEL TO REEL alt. 6:00-

6:30PM

Movie reviews and criticism.

MY ASS alt. 6:30-7:30PM

Phelps, Albini, n'me.

WIGFLUX RADIO 7:30-

9:00PM

Original rude gals, skanksters, bad boys, big men and sing-jays. Join Selector Krystabelle for raw roots, dub-I dub and some

heavy dancehall sounds.

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00PM-

12:00AM Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-savvy Gavin Walker. Features at 11:

June 3: Art Blakey and The Jazz Messengers "A Night in Tunisia";

drummer/bandleader Blakey leads his first sextet with two of the days' hottest saxophonists, alto Jackie McLean and tenor Johnny Griffin.

June 10: Coastal Jazz And Blues

Society's Media Director John Crispik joins GAvin for a Jazz Festival preview.

June 17: Jazz Festival star and piano genius Ahmad Jamal and his most famous album Live At The Pershing.

June 24: Guitarist Pat Martino, Hammond master Joey DeFrance and drummer Billy Hart with "Live At Yoshi's". These giants with Byron Landham replacing H/Wt will be highlighted at this year's Jazz Fest.

VENGEANCE IS MINE 12:00-

3:00AM Hosted by Trevor. It's punk rock, baby! Come from the charts but not from our hearts—thank fucking Chris.

PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAVES 3:00-

6:30AM

TUESDAY

PACIFIC PICKIN' 6:30-8:00AM

Bluegrass, oldtime music, and its derivatives with Arthur and "The Lovely Andrea" Berman.

HIGHBRED VOICES 8:00AM-

9:30AM

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM 9:30-11:30AM

Open your ears and prepare for a shock! A harmless note may make you a fan! Hear the menacing scourge that is Rock and Roll! Deadlier than the most dangerous criminal!

<bcrninsiatynine@hotmail.com>

BLUE MONDAY alt. 11:30AM-

1:00PM Vancouver's only industrial-electronic-retro-goth program. Music to schtomp to, hosted by Corneil.

FILL-IN alt. 11:30AM-1:00PM

Where dead samurai can program music.

BEATUP RONIN 1:00-2:00PM

Where dead samurai can program music.

CPR 2:00-3:30PM

Buh bump... buh bump... this is the sound your heart makes when you listen to science talk and techno... buh bump...

LA BOMBA (first three

Tuesdays of every month)

3:30-4:30PM

ELECTRIC AVENUES 3:30-

3:30AM

	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	
6 ^{AM}								6 ^{AM}
7	REGGAE LINKUP	BBC WORLD SERVICE	PACIFIC PICKIN'	BBC WORLD SERVICE	BBC WORLD SERVICE	BBC WORLD SERVICE	BBC WORLD SERVICE	7
8				SUBURBAN JUNGLE				8
9		BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	HIGHBRED VOICES	FOOL'S PARADISE	END OF THE WORLD NEWS	CAUGHT IN THE RED	THE SATURDAY EDGE	9
10	ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC		THIRD TIMES THE CHARM	THE ANTIDOTE	PLANET LOVETRON	SKAT-T'S SCENIC DRIVE		10
11		GRIFFOOD	LOCAL KIDS MAKE GOOD	ANOIZE	CANADIAN LUNCH	THESE ARE THE BREAKS	GENERATION ANNIHILATION	11
12 ^{PM}	ROCKERS SHOW	PARTS UNKNOWN	BEATUP RONIN	THE SHAKE	STEVE & MIKE	LEO RAMIREZ SHOW	POWERCHORD	12 ^{PM}
1			CPR	RADIO FREE PRESS	THE CINEMATOPROBA SHOW	NARDWUAR PRESENTS	CODE BLUE	1
2				MOTORDADDY	RHYMES & REASONS			2
3	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	STAND AND BE CUNTED(CF)	ELECTRIC AVENUES (EG)					3
4		ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS	LA BOMBA (W6)					4
5	CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING	WENER'S BARBEQUE (Sp)	MEAT EATING VEGAN(EG)	RACHEL'S SONG	LEGALLY HIP (TN)	NECESSARY VOICES (TK)	ELECTROLUX HOUR	5
6		CRASH THE POSE	REEL TO REEL (TN)	POP GOES THE WEASEL	OUT FOR KICKS	FAREASTSIDE SOUNDS	RADIO FREE AMERICA	6
7	QUEER FM	WIGFLUX RADIO	FLEX YOUR HEAD	AND SOMETIMES WHY	ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR	AFRICAN RHYTHMS	SYNAPTIC SANDWICH	7
8			SALARIO MINIMO	REPLICA REJECT	LIVE FROM... THUNDERBIRD HELL	HOME BASS	SOUL TREE	8
9	RHYTHMSINDIA		VENUS FLYTRAP	FOLK OASIS	WORLD HEAT	BREAKING WAVES IN YOUR HEAD	PIPE DREAMS	9
10	THE SHOW	THE JAZZ SHOW	SOUL SONIC WANDERLUST	STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUNDHAR				10
11				HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR				11
12 ^{PM}	TRANSCENDANCE	VENGEANCE IS MINE!	AURAL TENTACLES	FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM	PLUTONIAN NIGHTS	BBC WORLD SERVICE	THE RED EYE	12 ^{PM}
1							EARWAX	1
2	BBC WORLD SERVICE	PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAVES					REGGAE LINKUP	2
3								3
4								4
5								5
6								6

Cf= conscious and funky • Ch= children's • Dc= dance/electronic • Ec= eclectic • Gi= goth/industrial • Hc= hardcore • Hh= hip hop
Hk= Hans Kloss • Ki=Kids • Jz= jazz • Lm= live music • Lo= lounge • Mi= metal • No= noise • Nw= Nardwuar • Po= pop • Pu= punk
Rg= reggae • Rr= rock • Rs= roots • Sk= ska • So= soul • Sp= sports • Tk= talk • Wo= world

4:30PM Last Tuesday of every month, hosted by The Richmond Society For Community Living. A variety music and spoken word program with a special focus on people with special needs and disabilities.

THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN

4:30-5:00PM

10:00M VOICES 5:00-

6:00PM Poetry, spoken word, performances, etc.

FLX: YOUR HEAD 6:00-

8:00PM Up the punx, down the emo! Keepin' it real since 1989, yo.

<http://flexyourhead.vancouver.burk.ca/>

SALARIO MINIMO 8:00-

10:00PM

VENUS FLYTRAP'S LOVE DEN alt.

10:00PM-12:00AM

SOULSONIC WANDERLUST alt.

10:00PM-12:00AM

Electro-acoustic-trip-dub-ethno-groove-ambient-soul-jazz-fusion and beyond! from the bedroom to the stage via Brooklyn and back. The sounds of reality remixed. Smile. <swanderlust@hotmail.com>

AURAL TENTACLES 12:00-

6:00AM It could be punk, ethno, global, trance, spoken word, rock, the unusual and the weird, or it could be something different. Hosted by DJ Pierre.

WEDNESDAY

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-

7:00AM

THE SUBURBAN JUNGLE

7:00-9:00AM Bringing you an entertaining and eclectic mix of new and old music live from the jungle Room with your irreverent roots Jack Velvet and Nick The Grease.

8:00-9:00AM R&B, disco, techno, soundtracks, Americana, Latin jazz, news, and gossip. A real gem!

<suburbanjungle@channel88.com>

FOCUS PARADISE 9:00-

10:00AM Japanese music and talk.

THE ANTIDOTE 10:00AM-

11:30PM

ANOIZE 11:30AM-1:00PM

Like Meat irritates and educates through musical deconstruction. Recommended for the strong.

THE SHAKE 1:00-2:00PM

RADIO FREE PRESS 2:00-

3:00PM Zines are dead! Live the zine show!

MOTORDADDY 3:00-5:00PM

"Eat, sleep, ride, listen to Motordaddy, repeat."

RACHEL'S SONG 5:00-

6:30PM Socio-political, environmental activist news and spoken word with some music, too.

www.necessaryvoices.org.

Beginning June 7th, tune in Fridays at 5PM for the Necessary Voices Lecture Series.

POP GOES THE WEASEL 6:30-

7:30PM

AND SOMETIMES WHY alt.

7:30-9:00PM

(First Wednesday of every month.)

REPLICA REJECT alt. 7:30-

9:00PM Indie, new wave, punk, and other noise.

FOLK OASIS 9:00-10:30PM

Roots music for folkies and non-folkies... bluegrass, singer-songwriters, worldbeat, alt country and more. Not a mirage!

folkoasis@canada.com

STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUNDHAR 10:30PM-12:00AM

Let DJs Jindwa and Bindwa immerse you in radioactive Bhangra! "Chakki de misery."

HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR

12:00-3:00AM

FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM

3:00-6:00AM

THURSDAY

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-

8:00AM

END OF THE WORLD NEWS

8:00-10:00AM

PLANET LOVETRON 10:00-

11:30AM Music inspired by Chocolate Thunder; Robert Robot drops electro past and presents hip hop and intergalactic funkshipman.

CANADIAN LUNCH 11:30AM-

1:00PM

STEVE AND MIKE 1:00-

2:00PM Crashing the boy's club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow (punk and hardcore).

THE ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW

2:00-3:00PM Comix comix comix. Oh yeah, and some music with Robin.

RHYMES AND REASONS

3:00-5:00PM

LEGALLY HIP alt. 5:00-

6:00PM

PEDAL REVOLUTIONARY alt.

5:00-6:00PM Viva la

Velourition! DJ Helmet Hair and Chainbreaker Jane give you all the bike news and views you need and even cruise around while doing it!

www.sustainability.com/cinops/radio

OUT FOR KICKS 6:00-

7:30PM No Birkenstocks, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.

ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR

7:30-9:00PM The best in roots rock 'n' roll and rhythm and blues from 1942-1962 with your snappily-attired host Gary Olson. <ripup55@tel.com>

LIVE FROM THUNDERBOLT RADIO HELL 9:00-

11:00PM Local muzak from 9. Live bandz from 10-11.

<http://www.stepandahal.com/>

WORLD HEAT 11:00PM-

1:00AM An old punk rock heart considers the oneness of all things and presents music of worlds near and far. Your host, the great Dary'naki, seeks reassurance via <worldheat@hotmail.com>.

PLUTONIAN NIGHTS 1:00-

6:00AM Loops, layers, and oddities. Naked phone staff. Resident haitch with guest DJs and performers.

<http://plutonia.org>

FRIDAYS

BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-

8:00AM

CAUGHT IN THE RED 8:00-

10:00AM Trawling the trash heap of over 50 years worth of real rock 'n' roll debris.

SKA-T'S SCENE-1K DRIVE!

10:00AM-12:00PM

Email requests to <djska1@hotmail.com>.

THESE ARE THE BREAKS

12:00-2:00PM Top notch crate diggers DJ Avi Shack and Promo mix the underground hip hop, old school classics and original breaks.

THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW

2:00-3:30PM The best mix of music, news, sports and commentary from around the local and international Latin American communities.

NARDUJAR THE HUMAN

SERVETTE PRESENTS... 3:30-

5:00PM

NECESSARY VOICES LECTURE

SERIES 5:00-6:00PM

June 7: Paul Hellyer, author of

Goodbye Canada, speaks about threats to Canadian sovereignty.

June 14: Edgar Mitchell,

renowned Apollo astronaut,

speaks on his journey to the moon and seeing the Earth from space.

June 21: Howard Lyman,

a former industrial farmer turned 'vegan,' talks about his brush with death from cancer and his new-found knowledge on nutrition.

June 28: Naomi Klein,

activist, journalist and author of No Logo, speaks about current global issues.

FAR EAST SIDE SOUNDS alt.

6:00-9:00PM

AFRICAN RHYTHMS alt. 6:00-

9:00PM David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa, and African music from around the world.

HOMELESS 9:00PM-12:00AM

Hosted by DJ Noah: techno, but also some trance, acid, tribal, etc. Guest DJs, interviews, retrospectives, giveaways, and more.

BREAKING WAVES IN YOUR HEAD 12:00-2:00AM

THE MORNING AFTER SHOW

2:00-4:00AM

SATURDAY

BBC WORLD SERVICE 4:00-

8:00AM

THE SATURDAY EDGE

8:00AM-12:00PM Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways.

8-9AM: African/World roots.

9AM-12PM: Celtic music and performances.

GENERATION ANNILILATION 12:00-1:00PM

Tune in for a full hour of old new punk and Oi mayhem!

POWERCHORD 1:00-3:00PM

Vancouver's only true metal show: local demo tapes, imports, and other rarities.

Gerald Ratthead, Dvaine, and Metal Ron do the damage.

CODE BLUE 3:00-5:00PM

From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban harp honks, blues, and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy, and Paul.

ELECTROLUX HOUR 5:00-

6:00PM

RADIO FREE AMERICA 6:00-

8:00PM Due to popular demand, Dave Emory returns to the CTR airwaves with his legendary For The Record radio series.

SYNAPTIC SANDWICH 8:00-

10:00PM

SOUL TREE alt. 10:00-

1:00AM From doo-wop to hip hop, from the electric to the electric, host Michael Ingram goes beyond the call of gospel and takes soul music to the nth degree.

PIPEDREAMS alt. 10:00-

1:00AM

THE RED EYE alt. 1:00-

4:30AM

EARWAX alt. 1:00-4:30AM

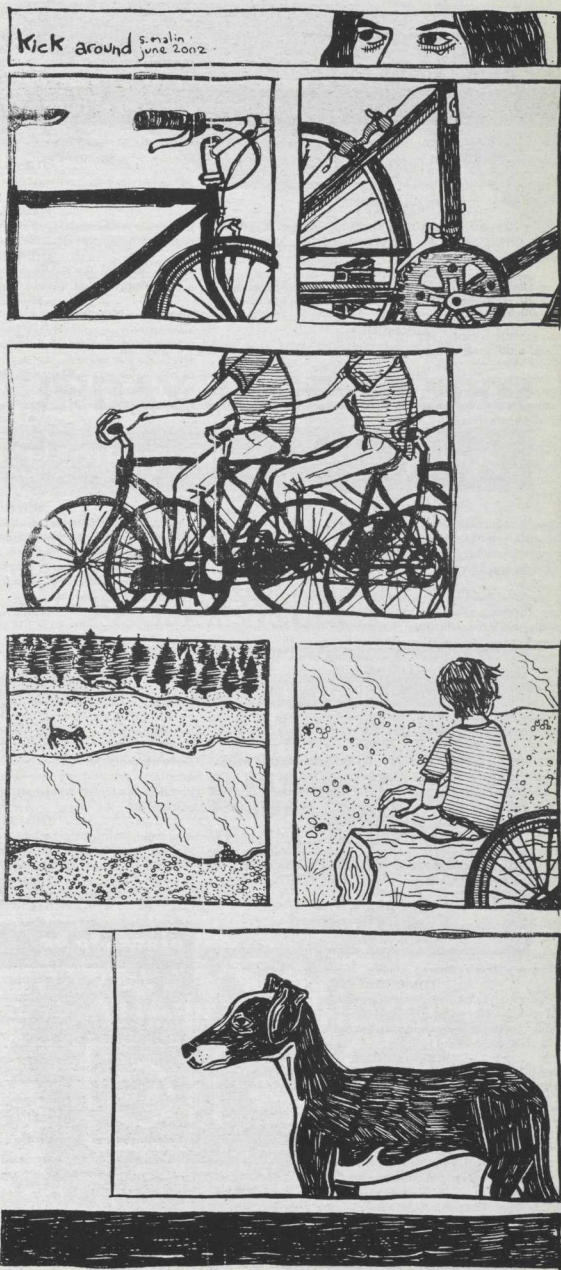
"noiz terror mindfuck hardcore like punk/beat/ drop dem headz rock imna junglist mashup/distort da source full force with needlz on wax/my chaos runs rampant when I free da jazz..." Out.

-Coy Smile

REGGAE LINKUP 4:30-

9:00AM Hardcore dancehall reggae that will make your mitochondria quake. Hosted by Sister B.

WWW.CITR.CA



datebook



SUBMISSIONS TO DATEBOOK ARE FREE. FOR THE JULY ISSUE, THE DEADLINE IS JUNE 25. FAX SHOW, FILM, EVENT AND VENUE LISTINGS TO 604.822.9364 OR EMAIL <DISCORDER@CLUB.AMS.UBC.CA>

FRI MAY 31

infrequency@sugar refinery; hatebreed, ensign@croatian cultural centre

SAT JUNE 1

ford pier, clay george@the main; g-bros@sugar refinery; CITR PRESENTS CHRIS MURRAY, GENERAL RUDIE, KINGPINS@WISE HALL

SUN JUNE 2

the ad and the ego, negativland video compilation@blinding light!!!; suv@sonar; -outhern aciti+, cowbell, north shore academy of dance@sugar refinery

MON JUNE 3

grade, witness protection program, end this week with knives@mesa luna

TUES JUNE 4

improvise's dickin' around@blinding light!!!; powderfinger@commodore; time maas@sonar; parallela improvised music series@sugar refinery

WEDS JUNE 5

old and naked: new videos by donigan cummings@blinding light!!!; blair jowers, eljah wood@the main; cineworks independent film makers' forum@sugar refinery (7-9pm); jp carter trio (10pm)sugar refinery

THURS JUNE 6

lavish, shrimpmeat, huskee dudes@railway club; the films of deco dawson@pacific cinemathque; old and naked: new videos by donigan cummings@blinding light!!!; teethacres@the main; av lodge@sugar refinery

FRI JUNE 7

the hangmen, the deadcats, el dorado@railway club; goa pete, australian, christopher schmidt, mojo man@club 23 west; the metalun@the main; cris williamson, wendy lynn@WISE hall; frog eyes, jon-rae fletcher, jay@sugar refinery; the hangmen, the deadcats, el dorado@railway club; skate wait, second men@richard's

SAT JUNE 8

john guliak, the loungh brothers@the main; eliza gylkyson@WISE hall; coal, the winks, the beginners@ms; t's cabaret; fond of tigers, not a toy, coin gutter, the din@sugar refinery; jethro tull, young dubliners@tenaryoia hall (seattle)

SUN JUNE 9

CITR AND PHHk PRESENT THEREMINISTAHS, NICK COULTER AND PARTICLE BURN@VANCOUVER EAST CULTURAL CENTRE; steve dawson, eliot polsky@the main; 10th annual little mountain riley park community festival@50 e. 30th avenue (at ontario); color thief@sugar refinery

MON JUNE 10

andrew wk@richard's on richards; a luna red, secret mommy, night nurse, bakelite@video in; casey and linneagan@railway club; po' girls@sugar refinery; filmmaker, the red scare, kevin devine@mesa luna

TUES JUNE 11

parallelaseries@sugar refinery

WEDS JUNE 12

queens of the stone age@richard's on richards; adam's rib@railway club; tony wilson trio@sugar refinery

THURS JUNE 13

vancouver boys due the girls featuring kevin kane, bob kemmis, paul myers, robert wilson, jon wood, steve wright@railway club; rhythm roundup@the main; kevin house@sugar refinery; queens of the stone age@graceland (seattle)

FRI JUNE 14

resin@the main; teddy bear brigade@WISE hall; the guthries, radiogram@railway club; almost transparent blue@sugar refinery; mercury rev, the shins@showbox (seattle)

SAT JUNE 15

the frenetics, operation makeout@cobalt; the broken crown quartet@the main; VASM@WISE hall; mr. underhill, the widows@railway club; springer and duccommon@sugar refinery; botch@showbox (seattle); bratmobile@piccadilly

SUN JUNE 16

steve dawson, eliot polsky@the main; ensemble symposium@western front; steven horwood photo auction@sugar refinery (6pm); seven penny mayhem cabaret@sugar refinery (10pm)

MON JUNE 17

the travelling troubadors@the main; RANCH presents...@the railway club; the frenetics, billy the kid and the lost boys, the spin-offs@mesa luna

TUES JUNE 18

parallelaseries@sugar refinery; nina nastasia, mary timony@crocodile cafe (seattle); redbone@yale

WEDS JUNE 19

jp carter trio@the main; barb dwyer, something about reptiles, jen paches@railway club; elisa rose@sugar refinery; redbone@yale

THURS JUNE 20

amy honey and the top bums@the main; sanné lambert, evan symons@railway club; av lodge@sugar refinery

FRI JUNE 21

buggie westeltoft@commodore; jack dejohnette and john surman@vogue, denzal sinclair@orpheum; atomic konstard trio@granville island market stage; jack harlan, kevin kane@the main; ska-t's ska-jazz fest featuring easy big fella@railway club; third annual antinmatter jazz and improvised music festival@sugar refinery; boom bip and dose one, clouddead, lab techone, radioinactive, reaching quiet@graceland

SAT JUNE 22

atomic@gastown; charlie loden@vogue; konstard trio@vancouver east cultural centre; the parlour steps@the main; fetish night@WISE hall; 20 miles@railway club; third annual antinmatter jazz and improvised music festival@sugar refinery; lyle lovet@the pier (seattle); city girl's boys, dee dee ramone@catwalk (seattle); herbaliser@gastown

SUN JUNE 23

pacific northwest taiko fest featuring chibi taiko, one world taiko, tsunami taiko, on ensemble, and portland taiko@capilano college performing arts theatre; atomic@vancouver east cultural centre; ahmad jamal@vogue theatre; pied pumpkin@WISE hall; third annual antinmatter jazz and improvised music festival@sugar refinery; guided by voices@showbox (seattle)

MON JUNE 24

dave holland quintet@the main; tommy lee@the rage; third annual antinmatter jazz and improvised music festival@sugar refinery; the gnarwals, mike rivest, julian who, billy the kid and the lost boys, t3.149...@mesa luna

TUES JUNE 25

gianluggi trovesi, cossia, marilyn crisspell@vancouver east cultural centre; lucky peterson@the commodore; third annual antinmatter jazz and improvised music festival@sugar refinery

WEDS JUNE 26

marianne grittani@the main; campbell ryga@the vogue; third annual antinmatter jazz and improvised music festival@sugar refinery; my birthday@my house; drunk horse; the fucking champs@richard's on richards

THURS JUNE 27

hinterland, softcore, the parlour steps@railway club; belinda bruce, the beginners@the main; denzal sinclair@cmpherson playhouse (victoria); marilyn crisspell@vancouver east cultural centre; metalwood@capilano college arts theatre; jimmy thackery@the yale; third annual antinmatter jazz and improvised music festival@sugar refinery

places to be

bassix records	217 w. hastings	604.689.7734	pacific cinemathque	131 howe	604.688.8202
beatstreet records	3-712 robbson	604.683.3344	pic pub	620 west pender	604.669.1556
black swan records	3209 west broadway	604.734.2828	railway club	579 dunsmuir	604.681.1625
blinding light!!! cinema	36 powell	604.878.3366	richard's on richards	1036 richards	604.687.6794
cellar	3611 west broadway	604.738.1959	ridge cinema	3131 arbutus	604.738.6311
chan centre	6265 crescent	604.822.9197	scrape records	17 west broadway	604.877.1676
club 23	23 west cordova		scratch records	726 richards	604.687.6355
cobalt	917 main	604.685.2825	sonar	66 water	604.683.6695
commodore ballroom	868 granville	604.739.4550	sugar refinery	1115 granville	604.331.1184
crossstown music	518 west pender	604.683.8774	teenage ramapage	19 west broadway	604.675.9227
futuristic flavour	1020 granville	604.681.1766	vancouver playhouse	hamilton at dunsmuir	604.665.3050
highlife records	1317 commercial	604.251.6964	video-in studios	1965 main	604.872.8337
lotus hotel	455 abbott		western front	303 east 8th	604.876.9343
the main cafe	4210 main	604.709.8555	wett bar	1320 richards	604.662.7707
mesa luna	1926 w. broadway		WISE club	1882 adanac	604.254.5858
ms. t's cabaret	339 west pender		yale	1300 granville	604.681.9253
orpheum theatre	smiths at seymour	604.665.3050	zulu records	1972 west 4th	604.738.3232

special events

STANDING WAVE AND KOKORO DANCE

CITR is helping to present this collaboration between chamber ensemble Standing Wave and dance company Kokoro Dance at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre, June 5-8. They will be performing Peter Maxwell Davies' *Vesalii Icones* and Giorgio Magnanensi's *aila*. Shows are at 8pm and tickets are \$20/\$16, available through Ticketmaster. Check out www.kokoro.bc.ca for more information.

<<THEREMINISTAHS>>

Phh!k and CITR present an evening of live electronic music at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre featuring Phh!k's Theministahs, Nick Coulter, and Particle Burn. Come out Sunday, June 9 to experience some of the best in contemporary electronic composition. Doors at 8pm, tickets \$15/\$10 through Ticketmaster.

DEEPEN PRESENTS

Canada SUNDAY JUNE 30 2002



www.deepen.cc

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DEEPEN DISCS

MILK BAR

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AND **JAY-AUTO**

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THOMAS OSAZE
VERNELL DE LONG

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Thurs and Fri 10:30-9:00
Sat 9:30-6:30
Sun 12:00-6:00



MUM Finally We Are No One CD

Positioned somewhere between the dynamics of fellow Icelanders **Sigur Ros**, and the intelligent compositions of fellow sprightly programmers **Lali Puna**, **MUM**'s sophomore effort is startling listen for those interested in a multifaceted album. Demonstrating more breadth than their pleasant debut **Yesterday Was Dramatic...**, **MUM** now combine a mixture of electronic elements such as breezy beats, laptop tones, and tweaked glitches, with a body of acoustic instruments including piano, violins, guitar and voice. The result is something neither purely electronic or pop-rock... neither **Kid A** nor **Cousin A**. Are we bold enough to make a prediction? Yes! This will be a year-end critics picks topper.

Available June 4th
CD 19.98

UGLY CASANOVA Sharpen Your Teeth CD/ZLP

Isaac Brock of **Modest Mouse** teams up with his pals in **Califone** and **Black Heart** **Procession** to create the beast that is **Ugly Casanova**. Released on Sub Pop and recorded from the profits of **Brock**'s Epic Records windfall, this solo debut gathers up all the loose ends, shattered fragments, and miscellaneous errata that might not make the **Modest Mouse** storyboards - a weaves them into a beautiful sonic cape! Fully baked, these ideas find tidy homes on this neat album that speaks of experimentalism in the eye of superstardom!

CD 16.98 2LP 16.98

MARY TIMONY The Golden Dove CD/LP

According to "wisdom", **MARY TIMONY** is something of a post-Ritzy indie-rock also-ran, but for those of us who still-care-about-the-music-god-damn-it she's a unique and deeply cherished talent. Always a mixture of the magical and the mundane, her idiosyncratic songwriting transcends petty pigeonholes, according to incomparably lucid dreamscapes of beauty and bitterness. Rumored to be **MARY**'s poppiest effort since the heyday of **Helium**, **The Golden Dove** provides essential clues about the source of her evil power.

CD 16.98 LP 16.98

THE FUCKING CHAMPS V CD/LP

It seems ridiculous to say that rock is back - a statement so perennial it could be planted as an alternative hedgerow. Nevertheless, **THE FUCKING CHAMPS** play like this was the freshest idea since the first time rock supposedly died and, as always, resurfaced like an awesome phoenix painted on the hood of a throaty muscle car. Indeed. Now, to be clear, when we say rock in this case we mean heavy metal - like, you know, **Priest** and **Maiden**, and stuff - and not the black clothed, boogified hard rock that captivated so many of us over the last few seasons. Yes, although the white belts may remain in both cases, as well as the commitment to rocking energetically and hard, sometimes differences of style are a substantial issue of form, not simple inflections of the same universal. What are we talking about? Come give your summer a preview, dude.

CD 19.98 LP 19.98



MOONEY SUZUKI Electric Sweat CD

The **Hives** cannot possibly rock this hard forever! **White Stripes** will surely show their real stripes and fall from greatness! **The Noise Conspiracy** will get caught with their hands in the Gap bag soon enough! And when this happens - Q. Who will rock you? - who will roll you? A: **Mooney Suzuki**.

CD 19.98

CHRIS BROKAW Red Cities CD

Indie-rock scholars have traced the history of the **BROKAW** lineage through some impressive East Coast dynasties: drummer for slow-core pioneers **Codine**; visceral guitarist, along side **Thalia Zedek**, in **Comet**; contributor to **Pullman**; as well as a member of the post-**Bedhead** outfit, **The New Year**. Add sessions with **Steve Wynn** of the **Dream Syndicate** and **Mission of Burma**'s **Clint Conley**, and it's easy to see that **Chris**'s **Verlaine**-meets-**Sonic Smith** instincts have been finely honed! This is his solo debut... witness history happening.

CD 16.98

PEOPLE UNDER THE STAIRS Ost CD

Stirring the L.A. hip-hop scene away from **Puff D** and the bad-boy aesthetic, **People Under the Stairs** return with another amazing collection of heavy bangers! **PITS** latest outing takes aim at L.A.'s fading history of hip-hop glory, crowned by **Beatnuts**, **Pete Rock**, **Fellowship**, **Pharcyde**, and **Souls Of Mischief**, offering up a lot of mix of crate robbin' rare grooves, old school breaks, and pure positive vibes! They're already huge in Europe - ain't it time they took their hometown! Available June 4th

CD 19.98

ARCHER PREWITT Three CD/LP

Archer Prewitt's expansive music is equally hearty and workman-like - as with his current home, Chicago. Simultaneously hopeful and sad, **PREWITT** conjures, as **Thrill Jockey** puts it, the "sonic feel of classic early '70s pop and British folk." In other words, he is dandy enough to savor the finery of sweet production and well-embellished songs, yet also folksy enough to straightforwardly convey some dusty truths with little conceit - all proof enough that **PREWITT** has come of his own.

CD 19.98 LP 16.98

THE CO-DEPENDENTS featuring BILLY COWSILL Live Recording Event CD

Take the trans-Canada highway up towards Calgary and turn off at Stony Trail. Motor on awhile - there's not much traffic - through the pretty foothills until you come across the Mecca Café. Not only the site of a mean burger, the appropriately named Mecca is also the site of magic - the music magic that is a voice of the past still crooning strong! Here is the audio document of **BILLY COWSILL**'s (who remembers the legendary **COWSILL**???) return to public performance. Features help from some of Alberta's finest high plains drifters including **Steve Pincus** on guitar!

CD 19.98

SALE PRICES IN EFFECT
UNTIL JUNE 30 2002

BELLE AND SEBASTIAN Storytelling Soundtrack CD/LP

This short but worthwhile new **BELLE AND SEBASTIAN** material is sure to please their many anxious fans, whose pent-up energy has in the meantime doubtlessly filled many overheated notebooks and on-line chat-rooms, in a bid to sublimate their growing - and perhaps justified - impatience for new material. Used in one section of **Todd Solondz**'s last dark and cynical film, **BELLE AND SEBASTIAN**'s **Storytelling** is described by **Matador Records** as "an extended meditation" more than a soundtrack. This sounds right to us, too: A few new songs and lots of instrumental score, plus snippets of dialogue from the film for context. Although not an ideal choice of **BELLE AND SEBASTIAN** material for new listeners - one of their wonderful full-length albums would be a wiser option, we think - **Storytelling** will find a welcome home in the book and CD shelves of their longtime, only temporarily satisfied admirers. Available June 4th

CD 16.98 LP 16.98

STUFF WORTH THE SUMMER JOB:

David Grubbs- Rickets and
Scurvy CD/LP

Tram- A Kind Of Closure CD

Jon Rae Fletcher and The River-
s/ CD

Sparrow- Piano 1-10

Various- CBGB's Birth Of U.S.
Punk CD

Coldcut- 70 Minutes of Madness
CD (incoming!)

Peace Orchestra- Reset CD/LP
(incoming!)

Hives- Barely Legal LP yellow
vinyl

DJ Shadow- You Can't Go Home
CDEP/12"

DJ Shadow- full length vinyl
(incoming!)

Farben- Textstar CD aka Jan
Jelinek

MUSIC IN THE AFTERNOON:

Sunday June 9th at 4PM
"I've been looking for you
everywhere." Recent photog-
raphy by **Andrea Nunes** - with
exquisite corpses and punch!

Sunday June 16th at 4PM
Calamalka (metatronix, plu-
gresearch) hip-hop, dub,
decks and fx.

Sunday June 23rd at 4PM
DJ Aural: computers, samplers and related
technology all conspire towards ambient
music for altered states.

Sunday June 30th at 4PM
Rob Mazurek of **Chicago Underground Duo** -
Taking a time out from the **Jazz Festival**,
Thrill Jockey's favorite son proves **Laptop**
plus sub-woofer equals tantric bliss!

Subscribe to our newsletter!
Just send us an email
info@zulurecords.com